

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,853, Vol. 71.

May 2, 1891.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

CHRONICLE.

AN interchange of mortuary compliments to the late Mr. QUINTON took place in the House of Lords on *Friday* week between Lord CROSS and Lord RIPON; but no information on the subject of Manipur was given either in the Upper House or in the Lower, where Colonel NOLAN was, for an English officer, slightly offensive in the form of his questionings. On the Marriage Acts Amendment Bill Lord GRIMTHORPE was in his glory as Corrector-General of the Universe, and there was some talk as to the Select Committee on Colonization. The House of Commons devoted its morning sitting to the Land Bill, and Clause 2 was haled through at last. Its next brother then stood the usual brunt of what Colonel NOLAN (atoning for his error above noted to some extent) neatly called "several handsome volumes of objection" from Mr. SEYMOUR KE... and others, and was still under fire of talk at adjournment time. The evening sitting was devoted to Mr. SUTHERLAND's motion about deer-forests, in the course of which Dr. CLARK observed that "but for the deer-forest mania the Crofter question would never have reached its present stage." The egregious Doctor confounds. He must have meant to say that but for the Crofter mania the Deer-forest question would never have had so much nonsense talked about it.

On *Monday* the Newfoundland Bill was by common consent, even of Gladstonians, gravely and worthily debated in the House of Lords by Lord KNUTSFORD, Lord KIMBERLEY, Lord DUNRAVEN, the Duke of ARGYLL, Lord HERSCHELL, and Lord SALISBURY. Lord DUNRAVEN and the Opposition peers urged that the measure should be allowed to rest, pending action on the colonial part; but Lord SALISBURY had no difficulty in showing that ample opportunity of being wise could be given to the Newfoundlanders between the passage of the Bill in the Lords and its introduction in the Commons. In the House of Commons Mr. SMITH admitted the need for a new judge, and observed, in the language of the advertisements for cooks, that "assist-ance would be given" meanwhile. Then Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT rose to treat Mr. GOSCHEN's Budget even as the *Almirante Lynch* treated the *Blanco Encalada*. The torpedo, however, is a notoriously capricious weapon, and we think it missed on this occasion. Unkind jests have been made on Sir WILLIAM's appearances in the character of a financial critic; but it must be remembered that, at least, his ancestors were acquainted with the subject. The notions of some of the PLANTAGENETS—notably of one King JOHN—on the subject were pretty, if irregular, and Sir WILLIAM, no doubt, thought of them as he flung the "old sound solid system of English finance" in Mr. GOSCHEN's teeth. But Mr. GOSCHEN had not the fear of the PLANTAGENETS before his eyes or teeth, and made light of their distinguished child. Later in the evening Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE would have his say, and brought down upon himself severe castigation from Mr. JACKSON, with whom to name Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE in the same day as a financial authority even Gladstonians would admit to be absurd. Thereupon Mr. LEFEVRE wisely, if not heroically, said he "never meant," and that incident ended, as somewhat later did the debate, by agreement to the usual Budget resolutions.

The House of Lords on *Tuesday* busied itself unexcitingly, but usefully, in reading the Savings Banks Bill a second time, and seeing the London City Trial of Causes Bill through Committee. The Lower House spent its morning on the eternal Purchase Bill, and the time up to nearly seven o'clock having been entirely spent on the amendments to the Third Clause, Mr. LABOUCHERE prevented the clause itself from passing by complaining up to adjournment

time that it had been "insufficiently discussed." We have no desire that America should reign, and all laws but Lynch-law be repealed; but if that happy time ever does come, and if jokers of this sort find themselves adjourned to the nearest lamp-post in Palace Yard by the myrmidons of some virtuously indignant Lawyer PARKERSON of the future, they will have themselves to thank for it. It was not surprising that Mr. SMITH in the evening gave notice to move for general priority for the Bill. The business of the later sitting was Mr. JOHN ELLIS's motion to reduce the number of public-houses, and increase the powers of local authorities in regard to them. This, by an amendment of Mr. FORREST FULTON's, was practically turned into a debate on the vexed question of compensation, as to which the final decision in *SHARP v. WAKEFIELD* has been so monstrously misconstrued. The temperance party did not take much by their evening, for the amendment, "providing equitable compensation be paid," was carried by 190 to 129, as against the original motion, and by 182 to 111 when the two had been consolidated.

Wednesday (a house being procured only with extreme difficulty, and after two counts) was devoted to the Leasehold Enfranchisement Bill. The discussion on this was enlivened by a curious cross-bench amendment coming from Mr. HALDANE, who, with one or two other Gladstonians, opposed the proposal, in the interest of the commune to which he looks forward. This cris-crossing gave more zest to the discussion than is possessed by most *Wednesday* talks, and the amendment being defeated by 314 to 39, the Bill shared the same fate by 181 to 168. As for the proposal itself, would any one of its supporters answer the simplest of SIMONS this still simpler question? If it is just that a tenant, finding his position profitable, should be able to force the landlord to sell, is it not just also that the landlord, finding his position unprofitable, should be able to force the tenant to buy? Or is it essential to the New Justice in every walk of life that goose and gander should have different commons allotted them?

The House of Lords read a third time and passed the London City Trial of Causes Bill on *Thursday*. The Lower House sat from three o'clock to midnight, the latter part of the sitting being occupied by the Land Purchase Bill. The third clause was got through, but the fourth was plunged in such perplexities that that hoary man of affairs, Mr. KNOX, bewailed the "unbusinesslike" conduct of the Government, and his fellow-Gladstonian, Mr. JOICEY, more frankly acknowledged that the House itself had got muddled. For the House of Commons, like the immortal Blinkers, is "a nervous horse," easily bored and easily excited, and it had earlier got into a great excitement as to the progress of business and the prospects of woman's voting. Mr. SMITH, in proposing to take all available time, excluded with his usual delicacy of feeling next *Wednesday* week, because somebody thought that somebody else had said that the Government would pledge themselves not to put spokes in the wheel of the Women's Suffrage Bill. Thereupon all usual arrangements in the House became "pie," and Liberal-Unionists joined Radicals in voting against Mr. SMITH's proposal, because they did not love suffrageous woman, while violent Gladstonians went into the Lobby with the Government Whips for the opposite reason, and not a few Tories deserted their leaders. Finally, the Government got all the *Wednesdays*, against their own will, and "UNA" (one woman without even one vote) was "left to mourn" as in the poem.

News of quickening up on the part of the Manipur expedition was at last received on *Tuesday*.

The three columns had got under weigh, and converged punctually enough on the capital of Manipur, the Silchar column having some trifling fighting, and that

from Tummo a smart brush, in which 1,000 Manipuris were driven out of a fortified position, with great loss to themselves, but with only two killed and a few wounded (the latter including Lieutenant GRANT) on the British side. As was to be expected, the city was found empty, the JERRAJ and the SENAPUTTY having taken to the hills; and, as was to be expected likewise, ghastly evidences of the massacre were discovered—evidences not, perhaps, really more ghastly than those of the blundering which brought it about, furnished simultaneously by letters of Mrs. GRIMWOOD and others.

Whitehaven followed Mid-Oxfordshire very satisfactorily last week, giving the Tory candidate, Sir JAMES BAIN, a majority of 233, larger than that of 1885, and more than double that of 1886.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. News arrived at the end of last week of the sinking of the *Blanco Encalada*, the flagship of the Chilean insurgents, by a WHITEHEAD torpedo from the torpedo gunboat *Almirante Lynch*. It does not quite follow that "the rebellion is over," as the Balmacedists exultingly telegraphed; but the blow is no doubt heavier than the mere loss of 200 men. Also, one more has been added to the not very long list of torpedos which have "done wonders." It may be admitted that when they do the work, they do it not negligently. On further information it was found that the *Blanco Encalada* had been caught napping at her moorings by the two cruisers *Almirante Lynch* and *Almirante Condell*, and easily torpedoed. On the other hand, the armed, but not armoured, transport *Aconcagua* made a stout fight with them, and got safe into harbour. The opposition claim the capture of Copiapo as a set-off, and their contention that the *Almirante Lynch* was seriously damaged received an undesigned confirmation beforehand from the Government statement that she was "refitting"—an operation scarcely necessary after such fighting as the Balmacedists assert to have taken place. On Tuesday morning the *Times* was at last able to publish two letters of some length from partisans of the two sides, agreeing only in this, that Señor BALMACEDEA is not a South American President for nothing, and that, as for his enemies, when he catches them, they catch it.—Sir WILLIAM LOCKHART has followed up his successes vigorously on the Miranzai frontier, and the enemy appear to have made up their minds to sue for peace.—The funeral of Count MOLTKE was magnificently celebrated at Berlin on Tuesday.—It would seem that serious steps are being at last taken in Russia, especially at Moscow, to carry out the Judenhetze—a matter serious in another sense to England, whither most of the unsavoury wretches will drift.

Speeches and Letters. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN spoke apologetically for free education on Friday week; and Mr. HOWORTH contributed to the *Times* of Saturday morning a letter on the matter with which we can agree much more fully than with some other utterances of Mr. HOWORTH'S. The question has also been the subject of many other letters and of speeches by Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, the Duke of NORFOLK, and Mr. FORWOOD. The general drift of both contents and not-contents is that the thing will be a little discreditable and unwise, but immensely profitable from the party point of view.—Saturday and Sunday were great days in Tipperary. On Saturday at Thurles there was a mighty ruction between the two parties, the Anti-Parnellites getting their heads well broken by the Parnellites, and then (let us hope) well mended by a speech of congratulation from that mild-minded minister of a religion of peace whom some call Archbishop of CASHEL, and others more accurately Archbishop CROKE. On Sunday Mr. PARNELL spoke cheerfully and vigorously at Clonmel. An acrimonious correspondence between Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY and his foes led up to a threat that they should hear from the lawyer of great TIMOTHY.

Sport. The first day of the Newmarket First Spring Meeting provided some fair, but no very specially interesting, racing. On Wednesday the Two Thousand was won very easily by Lord ALINGTON'S Common (his first appearance on any turf in public); other better-known horses, including the favourite, Gouverneur, from whom much was hoped, and the Great Metropolitan winner, Ragimunda, being unplaced, and the second and third, Orvieto and Peter Flower, being quite raced down. The March Stakes on Thursday was won by General BYRNE'S good horse Amphion pretty much as he pleased.—The first cricket-match of interest, the Oxford University Seniors, was drawn on Wednesday, and the

Freshmen's matches at both Universities have been begun, but not finished.

Four of the mutinous gunners at Portsmouth Miscellaneous. were last week sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labour—a heavy, but not too heavy, sentence.—The action brought by Lord PENRHYN against a newspaper was given up by the defendants on Saturday, and a verdict with damages of 100*l.* was taken by consent; all charges, not merely against Lord PENRHYN personally, but against his associates and servants in racing, being retracted. On that day the Bishops of ROCHESTER and PETERBOROUGH were consecrated in Westminster Abbey by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, with an unusually strong muster of assistant bishops.—The SANTURCE collection of pictures was also sold, three, by Mr. ALMA TADEMA, fetching over 2,000 guineas each (in one case, the well-known "Amateur Romain," 2,650), and a FORTUNY, 1,500; two TROYONS at 400 and 410 guineas, and ROBERTS'S "High Altar of Rouen Cathedral" at 570, were even cheaper than these.—The protracted, though partial, strike in Messrs. LISTER'S mills at Bradford came to an end at last on Saturday, equally discredited by the late riots and by their failure.—All-grasping Science, sole and sufficient daughter of the horse-leech, has been protesting against the occupation of any of the sacred ground at South Kensington by the Gallery of British Art. In these days the old joke about England, Wales, and the potato garden would certainly best apply to Science, Heavenly maid, who has beggared both Universities, takes (modestly adding "and Art" to herself) about half a million a year out of the national pocket, and now grudges poor Art a gallery.—Two important points were decided in the Law Courts on Tuesday, Mr. Justice JEUNE holding that a decision in an English Court could not be based on that of a Court in New Zealand, and the Court of Appeal declining to help a stockbroker who had sold "Warners," and, owing to a combination to keep up the price, had to buy at a great loss.—Another case of some interest in Sir FRANCIS JEUNE'S Court was one in which a lady claimed a decree of nullity of marriage for having, in *ignorantia juris*, married her step-aunt's widower. It turned on a question of domicile, and remained unsettled, as also did the Intimidation appeals in the Trade-Union cases.—The gaiety of London has been helped during the week by a most delightful instance of the confidence trick, that standing and sufficient proof of the absurdity of current cant on progress, education, and much else.—On Thursday morning Lord PENZANCE—who in actual *expertise* probably excels any other living man, and is not generally thought a slave either of sentiment or of ecclesiasticism—published in the *Times* a letter on the Clitheroe business, strikingly different from the half-jaunty, half-alarmist optimism of Lord HALSBURY, and from the learned irrelevance of Lord SHAND. Its gist is summed up in a phrase supported by, though not borrowed from, Lord STOWELL, which, indeed, is the conclusion of the whole matter. "It is the knowledge that both man and wife must live together that induces both to make that life as tolerable as a mutual concession can make it."

Field-Marshal Count VON MOLTKE may not seem to posterity so towering a figure as he does to us, but he must always be a great one; and certainly no single man, except one who is in the shade, while MOLTKE died in the sun, has had so much to do with recent European history. Even the French press, with rare exceptions, has had an unexpectedly *bon mouvement* concerning a man who never made himself personally offensive to any one, and whose one word was duty.—Death has released the Grand Duke NICHOLAS of Russia from the greater evil of madness.—Canon WOODARD was a man with a craze, but a benevolent one—the founding of new schools for the middle classes—in which he met with considerable success.—Mr. JOHN WALKER, manager of the North British Railway, had been much before the public of late in connexion with the recent strikes.

The publication of the first volume of the Books. PEEL Correspondence, by Mr. PARKER (MURRAY), so soon after the appearance of Mr. THURSFIELD'S sketch, is, no doubt, commercially good for both books, because an intelligent public goes from one to the other. In another sense it naturally "antiquates" Mr. THURSFIELD, Mr. MCCARTHY, and Mr. MONTAGU alike.—An instalment of a very handsome and useful anthology of modern English verse has appeared in the shape of Vols. I.

and VI. of *The Poets and Poetry of the Century*, edited by ALFRED H. MILES (HUTCHINSON). The first volume goes from CRABBE to COLERIDGE—for the second, which contains contemporary writers, the title of *Tales of the Genii* has been suggested by the extremely rosy colour of some of the critical estimates.

MANIPUR.

THAT any very serious resistance would be offered by the Manipuris to the combined advance of three British columns was, of course, out of the question; and they must be considered to have done quite enough for honour in the plucky fight at their earthwork near Pallel, which enabled NEMESIS, the ever-grudging goddess, to remind Lieutenant GRANT of her existence. It was nearly as certain beforehand that, unless encouraged by some untoward success at first, they would not attempt to fight the matter out. The situation of the State, small as it is, made it impossible to cut off their flight to the hills, and the JUBRAJ and the SENAPUTTY will probably be hard to catch, unless their Kuki irregulars (with whom and to whose homes they have probably fled) should think it wiser to bring them in. The expedition, though very slow at first in doing its work, appears to have done it thoroughly enough; though, while the late Manipuri army, or a great part of it, remains "out," and until some stable Government is established, a considerable force will have to be maintained in Manipur. Annexation, no doubt, would be better avoided if possible, but in the circumstances it may be held doubtful whether it is possible.

The military operations of what, unfortunately, cannot be called the relief of Manipur are, however, of much less interest than the letters which have been at last published, giving an intelligible account of the beginnings and progress of this disastrous affair. We must not, of course, allow the interest of Mrs. GRIMWOOD's statements, which is very great, or the wits and pluck which they display, to make us forget that the author of them is, to a certain extent, an interested party, bound by duty as well as affection to make out the best case possible for the husband she has lost, and not altogether unlikely to exaggerate the fault of others. But when the fullest and most coldblooded allowance has been made for this, for the excitement of danger, and for every other conceivable drawback, we are bound to say that we see no possible reason for refusing credence to the account as substantially true. It is perfectly probable in itself; it is corroborated by Lieutenant WOODS and Dr. CALVERT; it fills in, illustrates, and explains various obscure details which were noticed and commented on from time to time in the official telegrams and in the pleas of the JUBRAJ. And the story which it reveals is not a pleasant one. It would appear that the determination to arrest the SENAPUTTY had been formed beforehand, but entirely without the knowledge of the Resident at Manipur; that Mr. QUINTON resolved to do this at the Durbar; that on the bird declining to come to the net the extraordinary step was taken of sending Mr. GRIMWOOD to the palace to request him to take himself off; that then, and even then after an interval, his palace was attacked, only to find him gone; that his brother's palace was next assaulted, the entire provision of ammunition made for this attempt, at once risky and not over-creditable, being forty rounds per man; that while the attack on the two palaces was made the Manipuris, armed with cannon, attacked the thatched and indefensible Residency, and that, the ammunition failing almost entirely, the fatal final parley was resolved on. It is unpleasant to say harsh things of men who have died a cruel death in their country's service; but we can only say that a more deplorable story of imbecility has rarely been told against British officers. We cannot even apply the grim half-compliment of CATHERINE DE MEDICIS, and say that the decision to arrest the SENAPUTTY in Durbar was "well cut out." Even if the design was not, as has been asserted, blown upon beforehand, Mr. QUINTON's guard, insufficient as it was against forces known to be armed with guns, was too large not to excite suspicion; and the shilly-shallying which followed was a mere invitation to disaster. As for the ammunition matter, it is difficult to think with common patience of the management which could dispatch such an expedition provided only with (in these days) a few minutes' supply of cartridges. We must, of course, avenge the victims of the massacre. But if those victims were alive, and the Manipuri leaders in our power, the

delinquents whose case would have to be inquired into first, if the story now told be true, would be, not the JUBRAJ or the SENAPUTTY, but Mr. QUINTON and Colonel SKENE. It is as yet uncertain whether anybody at Calcutta should be joined with them; but a more discreditable exhibition of partisanship has seldom been made, even by Gladstonians, than the attempt to throw responsibility on the Home Government.

SOAP FOR STIGGINS.

THE hollow discussion of Tuesday evening on Mr. ELLIS's motion could not have been better timed if Mr. SMITH had had the timing of it, to show that the House has delayed too long already to give facilities for Government measures. At this date, and with the amount of business there is pressing for attention, it is mere imbecility to waste an evening on hypocritical chatter about the superfluity of beer-shops, and the remedy for it, and the evil it does. The level of honesty and intelligence shown in the discussion was best and most conveniently indicated by Mr. MORLEY's portentous criticism on some scheme or another for the creation of Licensing Boards. It showed, said the member for Newcastle, that the framer did not "trust the people," and this was wicked of him. The whole speech in which this solemn stock phrase was uttered is the most entire and canting nonsense from first to last if Mr. MORLEY himself can trust the people not to "sit and soak." He was supporting the resolution because it asked the House to vote that there were too many beer-shops, and that they must be diminished in the interest of morality. At the very beginning of his speech he asserted, with a kind of glorying in his own cleverness, that "excess in public-houses" (i.e. in the number of them) "must give rise to excess in drinking," and followed the pronouncement by this other, that the man who did not believe it would believe nothing. So it seems that, on the showing of their friend, the people are incapable of abstaining from mere swinish indulgence. We would not hear their enemy say so. There are some of the people who are sots, and will continue to be sots. There are some members of Parliament who will descend to any clap-trap and hypocrisy, will ally themselves to the known allies of known traitors, will look through their fingers at murder, and will insinuate excuses for theft—who will, in short, do anything, however dirty, if only they can get votes and offices. We are so far "democratic" in our sympathies that we are prepared to maintain that the proportion of such members to the total of the House is far larger than the proportion of habitual drunkards to the masses. Yet we do not judge the whole House by them. Mr. MORLEY tells us that it is by the sots that we should judge the people. We compliment them on the praise of their friend, and him on his happiness in enjoying the support of such poor white trash.

These remarks are made on the supposition that Mr. MORLEY and others on his side say what they mean. On that supposition it is strange to hear them asking that those should be trusted to govern others who cannot be trusted to govern themselves. But it is, perhaps, unnecessary to suppose so much. The truth is that the time has come to show sympathy with many things—with the unwillingness of workmen tobacco-smokers and spirit-drinkers to pay school fees, for instance—and the desire of busy-bodies to regulate their neighbours' morals. The time is at hand when the days of this House of Commons will be accomplished, and the usual auction has begun. One bid was made with Opium, another with the Enfranchisement of Places of Worship, a third is this Resolution of Mr. ELLIS. It is quite gratuitous; for there are several Local Option Bills and suchlike waiting their turn, any of which would have supplied a decent excuse for all the cant talked on Tuesday evening. But it is well to run no risks, and so, to make sure, Mr. ELLIS's Resolution is taken into serious consideration. The opportunity was not missed, and we will allow, without wasting words on the details, that everybody said what he ought to have said, more or less, to serve the purpose for which he spoke. Mr. ELLIS's Resolution was neatly enough constructed. It resolved that we have too many beer-shops, and that a local authority should be set up to reduce them. The merit of this is triple—(a) it pleases the temperance people; (b) it pleases the gluttons for Local Government; and (c) it commits nobody to anything, for as the formation of the undefined local authority is to be the beginning of reduction, nothing can be done

till it is set up. Of course, no one is so silly as to suppose that a Bill to this effect will be brought in this Session. So one can vote virtuously quite cheap. As for the future, why, *mañana será otro día*, as the Spaniard says, which we may translate as meaning that next Session may be another Parliament. Then one's virtue can go quietly back to the shelf till it is wanted again. Mr. FULTON's amendment deserves a word of praise. He acknowledged the need for the reduction, but insisted on compensation, whereby STIGGINS was soaped as much as he well could be, without too deeply offending somebody else, and an effectual spoke was put in the temperance wheel. The House voted for ELLIS as diluted by FULTON—and now if the votes do not tumble into the hat, the Devil is in it.

It would, on the whole, notably tend to the saving of time if the House would agree at once to a resolution to this effect. That whenever anybody, not being a landowner, clerk in Holy Orders, Tory, gentleman, or scholar, wishes to obtain possession of his neighbour's property, he shall be entitled to do so at a price fixed by himself, and that a local authority be created to enforce this right. In this way it would be possible to show sympathy with every one who is thought worth propitiating, and nobody would be offended except those who are entitled to no consideration. At the same time, the House would have committed itself to nothing definite, and could prepare for the coming General Election with a tranquil mind. Such a resolution, if passed a week or two ago, would, for instance, have made it unnecessary for the House to spend Wednesday afternoon in discussing the Leasehold Enfranchisement Bill. This measure, which is the outcome of some very fictitious agitation of last Session, professes to be designed for the good of the working classes. As the only leases to be "enfranchised" are those which have more than twenty years to run, it could only affect a very small percentage of workmen, and those the most prosperous, who are already in many cases gradually acquiring possession of their houses. The persons who might profit by the Bill would be a small number of wealthy tradesmen. They may naturally be in favour of the measure; but why what suits them should be supposed to be necessarily favourable to the working classes nobody has explained. Indeed, the very great majority of them could in no case profit by it, for the very simple reason that they either live in lodgings or cannot afford to be tied to one place. This profession of zeal for the working class has long been one of the most odious—and is become altogether the most odious—cant of the time. A vague idea seems to have fixed itself in the heads of some people that whatever diminishes the security of a landlord's property must be for the good of the people. Yet the workman who had become possessed of a house would find his right limited by just the same law; and so either he, his widow, or his children, would discover when they tried to sell. If the possession of property is an advantage, it is so only when the possession is real, and is not a mere sophisticated imitation. The arguments used by the supporters of the measure show how utterly hollow this profession of zeal for the working class is. They produced certain cases of alleged hardship in which greedy landlords have profited by the labours of tenants; but these tenants are always manufacturers, shopkeepers, &c.—capitalists, in fact, themselves. How these persons can be supposed to profit by legislation which would diminish the security of property is a mystery which passes all understanding. But in truth it is hardly necessary to examine Mr. ROWLANDS's Bill seriously. Its exact merit was indicated sufficiently by Mr. HUGHES's complaint that the HOME SECRETARY did not "show sympathy" with it. This miserable cuckoo-cry of "showing sympathy," whereof, to the best of our recollection, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL was the proud father, does duty now for argument and demonstration. Whenever a Bill is brought in to diminish the value of somebody's property in the alleged interest of the working class, or to circumscribe the liberty of somebody else in the alleged interest of morality, it is supposed to be the duty of all the world to show it sympathy. To inquire whether it will effect its proposed purpose, and whether it will not do more harm than good, is to be unsympathetic and brutal. By this flapping it is hoped to catch the votes of the working class. In the meantime the "sympathy" chiefly benefits gentlemen of the stamp of Mr. HALDANE, who are ready with their cuckoo-cry about unearned increment, and their precious proposals for doing something or another which ends in "action" with all property.

FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT VON MOLTKE.

IN a day when, more than in most days, nothing succeeds like success, the death of Count VON MOLTKE, fuller of honours than even in his ninety-first year of years, could not but affect the public mind, or at least arrest public attention. MOLTKE deserved his repute as few men in our time have deserved it, and he had singularly few weaknesses. Although in his day he conquered two great and three courageous and storied European nations, in the service of one of which he had himself been, scarcely a dissonant voice has been raised in the chorus of his praise. He was not justly to be blamed even for the apparent breach of taste in serving against Denmark; for he had always regarded Copenhagen as a "foreign city," and he was a German by birth and associations. Other public act of his there was none that gave pretext of censure. His freedom from even the shadow of arrogance would have been admirable in a man of any nation, but in a German was specially agreeable. His achievements were immense, and he deserved his achievements. To him more than to any single man was it due that Germany in her own name now once more takes a place—and a predominating place—among the nations of the Continent. He not only contended, but overthrew, scores of vain things, to establish, perhaps, some others with a touch of vanity, but not so vain. For nearly a quarter of a century he saw all Europe lavishing money and trouble, and turning her institutions topsy-turvy to imitate those which he, with VON ROON, had brought into fashion. And if it is true that in the contest with Denmark the disparity of force was almost ludicrous; that in that with Austria the disparity of armament made the result, however little it was expected, really a foregone conclusion; and that in the contest with France the want of head, of preparation, of generalship, and latterly, we fear we must say, of mere fighting power in the enemy was hardly less remarkable, the retort is obvious. To few men or nations do these runs of luck happen, and such a constant inferiority in the vanquished implies a constant superiority in the victors.

The Count is known to have spoken with invariable modesty of his own achievements, and we suspect that he would have demurred, with something very different from a certain well-known sort of pride in masquerade, to the title of "great soldier," still more to that of "great general," which has been lavished on him. He might, if he had consented to accept the adjective at all, have called himself a great chief of the staff. And that beyond all question he was—the greatest certainly that the world has ever seen, perhaps that the world ever will see. But we are inclined to think that the confusion between a great general and a great chief of the staff has established itself in quarters more important than the pens and minds of journalists. Because MOLTKE's consummate chiefship of the staff carried off the victory in 1864, in 1866, in 1870, all the world since seems to have thought that a great general and a great chief of the staff are the same thing. This is, we think, an error; it may prove at some time or other a disastrous error for some nation. An organizer like MOLTKE, with full powers given to him, with capable if not brilliant generals proper, and stout soldiers to carry out his plans, can no doubt do wonders against troops inferior in equipment like the Austrians, or reduced to helpless blundering welter like the French. But, admirably as MOLTKE played the chessboard system of warfare, it must be remembered that on no single occasion had he a great general against him. BENEDEK, who was by no means the incapable that those who judge by the event thought him, had little more chance than the Aztec leaders against CORTES, and no man arose in France who displayed anything above the generalship of a respectable corps-commander. Muddle against method can hardly win, even if the muddle is not complicated by positive treachery and cowardice. But what the chessboard system would have done, we do not say against NAPOLEON, who was both great general and great chief of the staff in one, or against MARLBOROUGH, who did his greatest work in spite of the absence of a chief of the staff to organize victory for him—but against such different kinds of great, though not absolutely consummate, generalship as WELLINGTON showed in Spain, or as VILLARS showed in Flanders against the triumphant armies of EUGENE and MARLBOROUGH himself—that is a very different matter. It is, of course, the avowed object of the chessboard and pigeon-holed plan system to make such generalship useless, to give

it no chance, to finish off the matter before it can get into play; and modern arrangements assist this greatly. History seems to encourage the hope that mere system will go down once more some day before individual genius and courage. But however this may be, no man can do more than play his own game to perfection, and MOLTKE played his to such perfection that no man in the same game has ever bettered, or even approached, the play.

THE UNHOLY POKER.

ADMIRERS of WILKIE COLLINS will remember the brief dialogue in the *Moonstone* between Serjeant CUFF and the local policeman. The Serjeant, who was called in when the mysterious jewel mysteriously disappeared, carefully noted the marks of paint on a bedroom door. "There is such a thing as making mountains of molehills," said the village VERGES sententiously. "There is such a thing as making nothing of a molehill," replied the great detective and rose-fancier. The poker on the bed in Lady HUNTLY's dressing-room at Brighton last December may not have been exactly a mountain. But it was at least a molehill in the sense of deserving more consideration than it received. The trial of Lady HUNTLY's action against the Bedford Hotel Company must have been extraordinarily interesting to the strictly limited class of persons who take valuable jewelry to places of public resort. But there is one person who must have found it more amusing than the lightest of shilling shockers, that person being the thief. "This," as the legal reporter is so fond of observing, "was one of those too numerous cases where the question is which of two innocent parties should suffer for the dishonesty of a third." This class of cases must always have charms for "the third." He stands to win in any event. "Others abide the judgment" of various legal tribunals; he is free. No doubt, in contemplation of law, he is a criminal, who ought to be under lock and key. But, if stone walls do not a prison make, they are essential to its efficacy and reality. From the thief's point of view the evidence of the witnesses must have been very good reading. It would, however, be peculiarly interesting to know what he thinks of the acumen of Mr. Justice WILLS. Mr. Justice WILLS has a theory. He believes that, during most of the transaction described before him, which must have occupied about an hour and a half, the thief was under the bed. Only one man knows whether this hypothesis is sound. Unfortunately he is the last man who would be likely to place his knowledge at the service of the public. Therefore, like the question whether sleep with a nightcap is better than sleep without, this difficulty will never be cleared up. However the thief did it, he did it uncommonly well. He was not a burglar, or even a housebreaker; but a quiet, polite, gentlemanly sort of AUTOLYCUS, who, finding that thirteen hundred pounds worth of jewelry was treated as an unconsidered trifle by its owners, relieved them of it quietly and effectively, without causing them a single moment's uneasiness.

The hero of *The House on the Marsh* studied, if we remember rightly, the movements of the fashionable world in the columns of the *Morning Post*. Every piece of information is useful to somebody, and the temporary residence of the Marquess of CARABAS at a popular seaside resort is no exception to the rule. Lady HUNTLY's conduct is, from the standpoint of the professional conveyer, beyond all criticism and above all praise. Having arrived at the Bedford Hotel in the middle of December, she deposited her jewelry, of which the value ran well into four figures, in her dressing-room, and went for an afternoon drive. Servants are sometimes, though rarely, on the spot when their masters or mistresses are out of the way. But Lady HUNTLY obligingly sent her maid on an errand, leaving the coast perfectly clear for Mr. WILLIAM SIKES. The maid, who bears the notorious name of HANNAH MOORE (not MORE), but who came with an excellent character from Lady CONNEMARA, found, on coming into the dressing-room, that the poker was lying in the place where it ought not to lie—namely, on the bed. This both she and her mistress regarded as a breach of hotel discipline, and made a complaint. But they did not mention that articles of great price had been left in the cupboard, nor did it seem to have struck them that there was any connexion between a poker and a dressing-case. The gentleman under

the bed consulted their feelings in every way. He uttered no sound, and made no sign. In due time he swiftly and silently vanished away, with the proceeds of a very good day's work in his pocket. In these circumstances it would have been a little hard to make the Hotel Company liable, even though the jury did find that they were more negligent than Lady HUNTLY. No suspicion whatever attached to the maid; or, if it ever had, she completely cleared herself of it. If hotels were managed on ideal principles, or even on the best principles attainable in this wicked world, strangers would be unable to enter them unchallenged, still less to visit any room which happened to be empty. But some allowance must be made for human frailty, even when Companies are concerned. The jury may have intended by their verdict to find for the plaintiff. If so, they must have misunderstood the law. Even if the Innkeepers' Liability Act did not give protection above thirty pounds, except in case of wilful default or neglect, it has long been settled that when both parties are negligent the plaintiff must go to the wall.

CHILI.

WHETHER the inventors of torpedos and the school of naval critics which believes in those weapons have or have not been justified of their children in Caldera Bay is still exceedingly doubtful. A somewhat old-fashioned, but still efficient, ironclad has been sent to the bottom by a Whitehead torpedo. This certainly looks well for the torpedo; but then so much depends on how the thing was done. If, as seems probable, the report that the *Blanco Encalada* was at anchor with her furnaces out when she was attacked is well founded, then all we learn by the action is that the Whitehead torpedo is the modern equivalent for the "cutting out" expeditions of the old wars. DUNDONALD took the *Esmeralda* out of Valdivia Bay on this same coast of Chili, and Captain HAMILTON retook the too famous *Hermione* at Puerto Cabello, under not dissimilar circumstances. It may even be said that the old method had this not inconsiderable advantage over the new, that it left the winner in possession not only of the victory, but of the ship too. The *Esmeralda* was of great use to the Chilians, and the *Hermione* was as good when we retook her as she was when the murderers of Captain PIGOR handed her over to the Spaniards. As for the *Blanco Encalada*, if she will never be of any use to the Congressionalists, neither will she to President BALMACEDA. If she had been towed out by the *Almirantes Lynch* and *Condell*, and then commissioned by an officer of Captain MORAGA's spirit, the superiority at sea would have passed to the PRESIDENT's side. As it is, his gain, though still considerable, is purely in the material and moral loss inflicted on the enemy. It is not a gain of two on a division.

The rival accounts of the Chilian struggle published by the *Times* on Tuesday have at last thrown some light on what has hitherto been a decidedly obscure business. They leave a great deal which calls for explanation, but they do at least show that the war is not a mere scuffling of military and naval kites and crows. It is a civil war, fought on an intelligible quarrel. As for the quarrel itself, it is old enough—as old as the Republican form of government. It made half the history of the Greek cities. Under new circumstances, and with a variety of differences in detail, what the Chilians are doing is to fight out the old fight between the aristocracy and the commonalty headed by a "tyrant." Chili has hitherto been governed by what, without too flagrant misuse of a much-abused word, may be called an aristocracy. The great landed proprietors, the capitalists, and the Church have governed the country. In their hands it has been honestly, economically, and ably administered, with the result that it has enjoyed some two generations of peace and prosperity amid the prevailing anarchy of South America. The domination of this class has, however, been found incompatible with the needs of "a young Democratic community"—of which the first is the exclusion from office of all who are best fitted for it by birth, education, and character. The Liberal or young Democratic party succeeded in electing their candidate BALMACEDA at the last Presidential election. He on his own showing holds that in a Republic representative government means government by the popular leader of the day without regard to the classes in the Congress. These classes, convinced that the PRESIDENT was

resolved to use the power of his office to make the next Presidential election a farce, have taken up arms against him. How far they have been justified by the facts in adopting this extreme measure it is hard to say on the very partisan statements which have alone reached us. If it is true that the PRESIDENT endeavoured to raise taxes without Parliamentary warrant, a state of things existed to which a solution could only be found by fighting. On the other hand, it may be that the refusal of supplies by the Congress was a gross misuse of its constitutional rights, and a provocation to civil war. But whatever the wisdom of the particular measures of the contending parties may be, their respective positions are quite clear. On the one hand is a popular leader, who is not the less the same stamp of man as his models the tyrants because he is using an office legally obtained for the purpose of furthering his own ambition. On the other are all the Chilians who have hitherto made the Republic of Chili the chief exception to the squalid barbarism of South America. The victory of President BALMACEDA will reduce the country to the despicable level of Peru, and that alone should show foreigners on which side their sympathies should go.

THE BUDGET.

NO Chancellor of the Exchequer in these days can feel assured of the soundness of his financial policy until he has been refused what the newspaper reporter would probably describe as "the imprimatur" of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. It is only after that eminent financier has forbidden him to be printed that any doubts which he may have entertained as to the general merits of his Budget finally disappear. This is not, of course, because Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is ignorant of finance, or shaky in his arithmetic, or an unintelligent critic. Notoriously he is none of these things. He is always more or less plausible and acute in his criticism, whatever he undertakes to criticize, and he can cipher with both accuracy and despatch. As to finance, it would be as unjust to charge him with ignorance on that subject as to question his knowledge of international and constitutional law. In these latter branches of learning he has attained to that sort of proficiency which, when displayed in connexion with the Greek and Latin languages, earns the praise of "elegance" for scholarship which plainly cannot be called profound. "HISTORICUS" was from the first the very type of the "elegant" as distinguished from the learned jurist, and he stands in almost exactly the same relation to financiers as he does to constitutional and international lawyers. Like the wit among lords and the lord among wits, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is a Parliamentary authority on finance when neither Mr. GLADSTONE nor Mr. GOSCHEN, nor Mr. FOWLER, nor any one who has been either Chancellor of the Exchequer or Financial Secretary to the Treasury, is in his place in the House of Commons. When any such person is present Sir WILLIAM relapses into the position of an able member of Parliament with "ideas" on financial policy and a way of propounding them—as, indeed, he has with most of his other ideas—which is calculated to overawe many of those occupants of the Strangers' Gallery who in the course of a day or two will be returning to their quiet homes in the country.

What renders an attack from Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT on a Budget so reassuring to the Minister responsible for it is the proof thereby afforded at once that his financial policy is popular, and that it is not open to serious objection. For if it had not the former merit, it would not be worth the while of the Opposition to assail it at all; while if it wanted the latter element of strength, we may take it as certain that the attacking party would be headed by a more formidable leader than Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. It was especially to be noted that in the present instance this honourable but forlornly hopeful duty was ostentatiously left to him by Mr. GLADSTONE, who declined, at Mr. GOSCHEN's challenge, to justify the strictures in his speech at Hastings on the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's finance. He had never, he said, given any indication at Hastings "as to any course" he intended to pursue on the present occasion, which, of course, was no reason whatever why he should not have seized upon that occasion, especially as there is no rule requiring several months' notice to be given of an intention to make a speech in the House of Commons. But

Mr. GLADSTONE went on to insinuate that, if he had formed any intention of taking part in the debate, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's speech would have rendered it unnecessary for him to do so. And he added, with one of those compliments which even the utmost sincerity fails to rid of an indefinable air of irony, that "there was a pretty tough 'business before the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER in 'meeting the statements of his right hon. friend.'" Well, the pretty tough business was disposed of by Mr. GOSCHEN with a most deceptive appearance of ease. To begin with, animadversions on the mode by which a surplus has been acquired are, on the face of them, much less to be dreaded than attacks on the proposed plan of distributing it. No one, indeed, has better reason to rejoice that this should be the case than the disciples of Gladstonian finance, which flourished for many years on the plan of systematically over-estimating expenditure and under-estimating revenue. Still, as they must remember with satisfaction, the only time for effective criticism of that ingenuity is when the Estimates are being framed, not when the surplus due to them has been realized for a past financial year, and can be budgeted for in the coming one. The taxpayer is then too keenly interested in the distribution of the Exchequer's gains to give himself much concern about the way in which these gains have been amassed. Hence Mr. GOSCHEN's "business" in replying to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT could hardly in any case have been made a "tough" one; but as it was the attack, even as a piece of retrospective criticism, must surely strike most people except Mr. GLADSTONE as conspicuously weak. The complaint that a large outlay on defensive work, which necessarily has to be "spread" over a series of years, has not been provided for in the expenditure of a single year is quite ineptly perverse. Even if there were no precedent for pursuing the opposite course, it would not matter a jot; for, in order to justify acting in obedience to the plainest dictates of common-sense, it is not usually considered necessary to be able to show that somebody has so acted before. Authority need hardly be pleaded for the proposition that, when the dockyards have each year built what was intended to be built under the Naval Defence Act, there is no reason, as Mr. GOSCHEN put it, for "needlessly raising money to pay instalments of contractors 'before they had become due.'" If, however, authority for this not very extraordinary method of administrative procedure were really required, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's Gladstonian critics have themselves supplied it. The policy of the Naval Defence Act is in principle identical with the policy of the Army Localization Act, which eighteen years ago imposed burdens upon the taxpayer which he is bearing at this day. The spectacle presented by the pretended solicitude for his interests of the very men who laid that load upon him is only one of many similar entertainments with which, in every department of policy, domestic and foreign, English and Irish, administrative and legislative, the Gladstonian of these days is wont to provide the House of Commons and the British public.

Mr. GOSCHEN had as little trouble in repelling the unfounded charge against him in respect of the National Debt; and generally it may be said that his defence of his finance was as powerful as the attack was feeble. And on its political, as distinct from its financial, side the Budget, as might have been expected, has proved absolutely unassailable from the Front Opposition Bench. The policy of freeing elementary education is not, indeed, one against which an official Gladstonian can venture to breathe a word; and last Monday night's debate appeared to show that even the independent members of the party will find their liberty of factious opposition considerably tempered by the remonstrances of their more moderate and prudent colleagues. Mr. BUXTON's warning to the irreconcilables of his party is well worth noting. He trusted, he said, that "they would not do what the Ministerial organs in 'the press seemed to expect—namely, offer such opposition to the Bill as would induce the Government to 'withdraw it.'" Mr. BUXTON's anxiety on this point is quite intelligible. His electioneering instincts are keen enough to enable him to foresee the formidable consequences which would await his own party in the event of a dissolution taking place while a so-caused withdrawal of the Bill was fresh in the electoral mind. This consideration, indeed, may be expected to exercise in time its due effect on the mind of the Opposition in general; and the Government may quite possibly have more difficulties to contend with on their own side of the House than on the other. Not that there is any probability of

the construction of a Conservative "Cave." We do not know that there would be even a DAVID forthcoming from among the most dissatisfied section of the Ministerialists; but if there were, he would find but the merest handful of those that are discontented gathering themselves unto him. The danger, such as it is, will arise, not from the active resistance of Conservatives to the proposed legislation, but from their passive dislike of it. A lukewarm and apathetic support of the measure from the Ministerial side of the House is what the Government really have to fear; and, as it seems eminently probable that it may require strenuous effort to get the Bill through in the course of the Session, anything like a half-hearted backing of it would, no doubt, be as fatal to its chances as downright opposition. We doubt whether, in spite of the disfavour with which it has been received in some Ministerialist quarters, and to which Mr. HOWORTH has, as usual, given expression, the malcontents as a body will on reflection be willing to take the responsibility of allowing it to be defeated. With their objections to it in point of principle we have nothing but sympathy; but, on the other hand, acceptance of it may certainly be pressed upon them on other grounds besides that of expediency. And, however doubtful a Conservative may feel on the general question of principle, he surely cannot doubt that his general objects can only be ensured by assisting a Conservative Government.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND BILL.

IF it is true that the Newfoundland Administration has really undertaken to provide at once for the execution of the *modus vivendi*, the action of HER MAJESTY'S Government in pushing on their Fishery Bill has been amply justified by the only authority which had hitherto questioned its wisdom. By acting now the Newfoundlanders tacitly confess that they should have acted before, and that they would not have acted at all unless under pressure. Nothing more need be said upon that point, however. The necessary work is to be done, and as the French, who have been captious critics of ours all through the negotiation, acknowledged frankly enough, it matters little whether the necessary steps are taken by the Imperial or by the Colonial Government. One or the other will take measures to maintain peace on the French shore during the coming fishing season. Before the season of 1892 it is to be supposed that the arbitrators will have given their decision on the lobster question, and possibly on the so-called subordinate disputes. We shall then have a settled definition of the extent of the French rights, and the ground will be cleared for a compromise. As the Fishery Bill will not reach the House of Commons until after the Whitsuntide holidays, the Newfoundlanders will have ample time to make their own arrangements. If they appear satisfactory, the Bill can then be withdrawn. There will certainly be no desire felt by Ministers to add to the somewhat overpowering quantity of work which the House of Commons is already bound to get through before the end of July. But it would be in the last degree feeble to withdraw the Bill until guarantees have been given that it is unnecessary.

Lord KNUTSFORD's speech on Monday night disposes altogether of the accusation that the Ministry has acted without any consideration for the Newfoundlanders. As a matter of fact, it was not until the Colonial Government had refused to provide for the execution of the *modus vivendi* that he decided to act. The necessity for some action was so obvious, that Lord KIMBERLEY and the other peers of the Opposition who spoke made no attempt to blame the Cabinet for bringing in a Bill. Lord KIMBERLEY confined himself to pointing out a defect in the wording of the draft which appears to imply that Government is asking for power to impose obedience to new treaty obligations on the Newfoundlanders. As Lord SALISBURY told him, this can be easily corrected in Committee. The criticism of Lord HERSCHELL was mainly professional. Under the influence of feelings very becoming to an ex-Lord Chancellor, he complained that the Bill will revive the very considerable powers formerly exercised by naval officers on the French shore. He would prefer to see the treaty enforced by a proper staff of legal persons duly assembled in Courts, and with everything handsome about them. Lord SALISBURY's answer to this appears

to be convincing. Courts would certainly feel entitled on interpreting the treaties whenever alleged offenders were brought before them. But the French insist that they will not submit the treaties to interpretation by any foreign Court. It is, therefore, necessary that, as long as Government decide to remain on friendly terms with France, it should act directly by its own officers. There is probably no fear, except a purely professional one, in the mind even of Lord HERSCHELL, that naval officers will be guilty of violent or illegal conduct. They will have a definite set of instructions to carry out, and will, according to their uniform custom, obey their orders. We have some sympathy with the Duke of ARGYLL's remark that "no human being, reading the Treaty of Utrecht, would imagine that it gave more than the right to land and dry 'fish on the shore.'" But the French, with their usual ingenuity, point out that when the treaty was signed lobsters were believed to be fish—which opinion the vulgar share to this day. But, as HER MAJESTY'S Government have decided not to keep the French to the bare letter of the treaty, but have agreed to take the opinion of arbitrators on its real meaning, we cannot go back to the more summary course now. Both Lord KNUTSFORD and Lord SALISBURY made it very clear that there is no intention to break, directly or indirectly, the promise made to the Newfoundlanders by Mr. LABOUCHERE, that their rights should not be diminished without their consent. The French rights now in question are as old as the earlier permanent settlement of the country. The obviously increasing difficulty which the Newfoundlanders find in enforcing their own bait laws may perhaps help to convince them that they have nothing to gain by embittering the quarrel.

IN-AND-OUT RUNNING.

WHETHER a judge ought to know anything about the cases he tries before he comes into Court to try them is obviously a question which may be debated at considerable length. It is in some respects akin to the Platonic query whether a physician should himself have good or bad health, and in others to the constitutional axiom that the jury should be unlearned in the law. In dealing with the action of PENRHYN v. the Licensed Victuallers' Newspaper Company Mr. Justice HAWKINS was on very familiar ground. At the end of the proceedings, indeed, he appeared in a double character, and suggested that an insinuation against the Jockey Club, to which he belongs, but which was not a party to the cause, should be withdrawn. So far as the public are concerned, the moral of the story, as distinguished from the danger of making libellous statements without adequate knowledge, is that even in the racing world one may be too suspicious, and that Sir PETER TEAZLE's famous ejaculation should be taken with a grain of salt. Lord PENRHYN's stables at Exton Park have been subjected to the severest possible scrutiny, and have emerged successfully from the ordeal. So far as the evidence goes, it was all on one side, and in the end the defendants admitted that they had been entirely mistaken. Indeed, they called no witnesses, and collapsed altogether, with profuse apologies, at the close of the plaintiff's case. Yet these Exton Park stables had been singled out for some time as the subject of adverse criticism and unpleasant suggestions. A correspondent writing in the *Morning Post*, and signing himself by the Latin name for peacock, began the task of calumny. Lord PENRHYN then applied to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and was advised by them to treat PAVO with the contempt he deserved. But the *Licensed Victuallers' Mirror*, which seems to be one wherein men may see reflections a good deal distorted from the original, improved upon the *crudum pavonem*, and produced a very highly spiced version of that amateur's mess. "If we were asked," said the *Licensed Victuallers' Mirror*, knowing well that no such invitation had been given or received—"if we were asked to mention the most in-and-out equine performers, we should point to a certain aristocratic Rutlandshire stable, where the air evidently affects the horses so marvellously that they rarely gallop in public two days alike." We need not pause to consider by what wondrous permutations the word "aristocratic" has descended from a form of government to the stable of "a lord," or anything else that is his. The process by which a horse became an equine performer is more rapid, less complex, and less disgusting. "But then you must remember"—so ran the rhetorical

familiarity of the licentious victualler—"but then you must remember a noble lord manages the division—they are not the property of bookmakers, or, may be, as in the "RADMALL Brilliancy case," the ruling powers would ask "some searching questions." Now the owner of Brilliancy and his trainer were warned off the Turf, like the first gentleman in England before them.

The "noble lord," who for the purposes of this case is simply the owner of the Exton Park stables, has no remedy of *scandalum magnatum*. But the law of libel is open to him, and he did not appeal to it in vain. He has conclusively shown that all the charges against him were absolutely unfounded, and that if every possessor of racehorses ran them as he does, there would not be much to say against the morality of racing. There are a few racing men—the late Lord FALMOUTH was one—who never bet at all. That may be the more excellent way. But those who, like Lord PENRHYN, always back their own horses, are not amenable to injurious suspicions. This trial proves once more how ignorant of the noble animal are many compilers of sporting tips. The accusation against Lord PENRHYN, or his trainer, or whomsoever it was that the defendants, as Sir CHARLES RUSSELL said, "wanted to libel," was based upon the "in-and-out running" of certain horses, more especially of Noble Chieftain. In-and-out running means, or ought to mean, that a particular horse sometimes wins, and sometimes loses, against the same competitors, and under the same conditions. It does not necessarily imply, though it is usually intended to suggest, foul play. *Souvent femme varie*, and what FRANCIS I. said of women is true of horses. "There is no horse," says Mr. Justice HAWKINS, "which at some time or other does not run in and out." There could be no higher authority; and though the remark was made interrogatively to Major EGERTON, it may be taken to represent the considered judgment of the Bench. But one would think it was a counsel of the most elementary prudence to ascertain before publishing a libel of this kind whether the "in-and-out running" was always over a course of the same length. This is exactly the point the writer in the *Licensed Victuallers' Mirror* failed to investigate. Noble Chieftain's favourite distance is six furlongs. On a six-furlong course he beat Ransom. On a mile course Ransom beat him. Major EGERTON, the official handicapper, said, "I have particularly noticed the running of Noble Chieftain, and I consider his best distance is about a hundred yards short of six furlongs. I think he can get the six furlongs when he is having the best of it and is not being asked to do too much. I think he is utterly incapable of doing a mile in anything like good class." Such is the value of sporting articles.

PUBLIC BUSINESS.

A MOTION, which must have been perceived for some time past to be inevitable, and which need not perhaps have been quite so long delayed, was made in the House of Commons last Thursday afternoon by the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY, and, in substance, carried. We say in substance only, because, although the object contemplated by it has been substantially attained, the Government failed to secure assent to its original terms. Mr. SMITH had proposed to appropriate Tuesdays and Fridays absolutely to the discussion of the Land Purchase Bill, and to reserve to the Government the right of putting it down for Wednesdays whenever they think fit. This course has naturally been found by Gladstonian critics to be patient of the generous interpretation that Ministers desired to use their rights over Wednesday afternoon for the purpose of shutting out those private members' Bills to which they are opposed, and for rewarding their own friends and supporters with an occasional day. As a matter of fact, and as the whole action of Ministers showed, their deeply designing motive in proposing to leave Wednesdays open was simply that they might retain power to fulfil their promise to find a day for the discussion of the Women's Suffrage Bill. Sir HENRY JAMES, as the leader of the Opposition to that measure, could hardly be expected to sympathize with this somewhat Quixotic excess of Ministerial chivalry, and having moved an amendment in favour of appropriating Wednesdays, as well as Tuesdays and Fridays, to the Land Purchase Bill, until that measure should be through Committee, succeeded in carrying it against the Government by a majority of 59. The voting, however, we need hardly say, was of a distinctly "cross" and unpartisan character, many Conserva-

tives voting with Sir HENRY JAMES as opponents of female suffrage, and some Gladstonians supporting the Government for the same reason; and, on the whole, we can hardly suppose that the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY was greatly chagrined by the result. Indeed, he can add self-congratulation upon it to the compliments of others. He has the praise of the "women's men" for his faithfulness to death, so to speak, in his fulfilment of his promise to them; and—he gets his Wednesdays for the Land Purchase Bill.

While Sir HENRY JAMES was about it he might just as well have moved, we think, that Wednesdays should be handed over to the Government for the purposes of Ministerial business until the end of the Session. No doubt there is a certain number of members on both sides of the House who still cling to the notion that there are many questions on which Ministers refuse to legislate, but which are clamouring for legislative treatment, and that the country is looking eagerly to the private members to deal with. If a single question of the kind turns up on any Wednesday between now and the end of July, all we can say is that the latter days of the Session will present a startling and edifying contrast to the earlier ones. We all know how last Wednesday was spent, and how much credit the House did itself by its discussion of that delightfully-named measure, the Leasehold Enfranchisement Bill, and by the triumphant success of legislative good sense and honesty in actually defeating, by a majority of thirteen votes, the wealthy London leaseholders who are desirous of grabbing the property of their landlords in the mysterious interests of "the working-man." Nor, we think, will a review of the other questions with which the House has busied itself on most of the other previous Wednesdays of the Session do much to confirm the belief that the reservation of these days to the private member will ensure their being profitably employed for the future. And in the meanwhile it may be so suggested that, inasmuch as the Government will still have their hands full of legislative engagements after the Land Purchase Bill has emerged from Committee, it is certainly to be regretted that they cannot at once acquire possession of all the time of the House from now till the remainder of the Session. One lesson, however, the experience of the last two months ought to have indelibly impressed on the Ministerial mind; and that is, the lesson of the utter futility of attempting to combine solicitude for private members' privileges with zeal for the promotion of public business by a resort to the plan of morning sittings. The result of this has been really disappointing. The Parliamentary bore whom it is thus attempted to humour into allowing public business to go forward rejects the proffered bribe, and derives additional powers of mischief from the arrangements by which it is offered to him. He will not use his own evening sitting, or rather his friends will not muster strong enough to enable him to use it, and he consumes the whole of the morning sitting instead. So that the Government can make practically no progress in its own five afternoon hours, while the three night hours which would otherwise be available to it are lost by counts-out.

NEW GRUB STREET.

OLD Grub Street was poverty-stricken, but it was neither hopeless nor joyless. The children of this stony-hearted stepmother were merry enough, no doubt, in spite of Mr. POPE, for their quarrel with him made them conspicuous, and they must have known that there was not in all their quivers so leaden a shaft but it pierced POPE's mail, and rankled in his vanity. Great men have sojourned in Grub Street; they have admitted that it was grubby; but even Dr. JOHNSON does not say that it was permanently gloomy. This chief of literary hacks did his work, which was usually job-work, and took his pay, and grumbled not, but consistently spoke well of the booksellers. In brief, of old time Grub Street was a section of human life on a low level, but the sun shone into the garrets. English MIMIS and MUSSETTS were visitors not unknown; Hope abode in it, and sometimes Fortune arrived with fame or a modest competence in her hands. At worst the work done was work in letters, and, toilsome and precarious as it might be, of letters it had the charm and the consolation.

New Grub Street, according to Mr. GISSING, in his novel of that name (SMITH & ELDER), is a very much worse, much more miserable, place than Grub Street the

old. The borders and marches of this quarter of the town are ill defined, but perhaps we may describe Grub Street as the territory inhabited by the men and women whose pens win their bread. If that be topographically correct, CARLYLE and THACKERAY, LEIGH HUNT and DICKENS, were all of the parish where Mr. GISSING's characters take their fortunes in such sorry cheer. It is, perhaps, a modern virtue to see everything in black, to abstain from wit, from humour, from gaiety, as strictly as many people abstain from alcoholic drinks. But this was not the manner of the great men whom we have named, nor of the small men in these old days. Like PHILIP FIRMIN's friend, they sang—

And for this reason,
And for a season,
Let us be merry before we go!

It is a common belief that even modern Grub Street knows this carol and is not always of a sombre mood. Are there no cakes nor ale, nor any midnight chimes in Grub Street the new? Is life one unbroken and embittered pursuit of the five-pound note? Are there no men poor, but young and light of heart, in the literary parish? We cannot believe that all the parishioners are gloomy failures, conscientious *ratés*. Nay, many of us have tarried by the tables of Grub Street, and have been content with its cowheel and its porter. The entire population does not consist of worthy "realistic" novelists, underpaid and overworked on one side, and of meanly selfish and treacherous, but successful, hacks on the other. If we understand Mr. GISSING's theory of the literary life among the rank and file, he thinks that genius, or even conscientious talent, is in a way repressed, is driven into work of a low kind for the sake of bread-and-butter, while the hodmen of letters who do their hodmen's duties successfully and with acceptance are persons destitute of soul. But may we not argue that what these worthies perform is what nature has fitted them to perform; and that, though they would give ten years of their lives to possess genius and employ it, still they admire, and do not envy, its possessors? Nature has not made it possible for us all to be pessimistic novelists, however greatly we may desire it. As Dr. JOHNSON's friend said, he who had tried to be a philosopher, "somehow cheerfulness would break in," and that is fatal. Then the others, the noble laborious failures—it is possible that they are not all men of genius. They may have miscalculated their strength, and vanity may have had much to do with their discomfiture. On the whole, we do not feel convinced by Mr. GISSING that Grub Street is such a very ill habitation. The natives can forget their woes, and are not for ever brooding over unfavourable reviews, and on ways of hitting back at their adversaries—usually at the wrong man. They think of many things, they talk of many things, besides "shop"; indeed, if Grub Street is restricted to its profession, there is not matter enough in it to found a novel on. It is like trying to write a novel of University life. The field is too narrow; the fiction is starved. Reviews, cheques, accepted articles, rejected articles, padding, hack-work in general, is not good "stock" for a novel, and gives an ill flavour to men's loves and lives. But Mr. GISSING, we think, has made this flavour much too strong. Even in Grub Street the fog sometimes lifts, and in the window gardens of the natives you may see blossoming the herb Pantagruelion. But it never blossoms in the windows of those who are unlucky enough to think that they are neglected and under-estimated. This is the besetting sorrow or besetting sin of artists of all kinds in and out of Grub Street. From this embittering error that we may all be delivered, *Beats Francisce, ora pro nobis!*

THE LAND PURCHASE BILL.

THE Committee on the Land Purchase Bill has been dragging wearily for most of the week through the Third Clause; but there is now a chance that it will begin to make progress at a more decent rate. Nothing depresses the Obstructionist so much as the motion to "take the whole time of the House," and this not merely by reason of the Ministerial determination to which it testifies, but also because—a point which is too often overlooked—it will add materially to the burden of his own obstructive labours. It is no joke—we will not say obstructing—but even "discussing" a Bill in Mr. LABOUCHERE's fashion, "without obstructing it," when that operation has to be pursued every day and all day when Parliament sits, and one

can hardly wonder that nothing but a burning desire for a notoriety not previously enjoyed appears to be the only motive strong enough to keep the Obstructionist up to the work. We see this frequently exemplified in the contrast between the comparatively languid attitude of Mr. LABOUCHERE, sated with fame as an Obstructionist, and that of Mr. SEYMOUR KEAY, who is drinking deep of the delicious draught for the first time. For weeks past the member for Elgin and Nairn has simply revelled in the new delight of winning the praise and honour of men—some men—by the comparatively simple process of proposing amendments which he cannot explain, and making speeches in which he points out that his proposals are not calculated to accomplish the purpose for which they are designed. We can imagine the thrill of pride with which this now eminent Obstructionist rose in answer to cries of "KEAY" on Thursday night to express his opinion on Mr. SMITH's proposals with respect to public business, and with what flattering sound the "murmur" which greeted his uprising must have fallen upon his ear.

Perhaps, however, even Mr. KEAY will now be of opinion that he has done enough for honour. And, perhaps, if Mr. KEAY is not yet of this opinion, the Government may—we sincerely trust they will—take steps to show him that they confidently entertain it themselves, and propose to limit severely his future opportunities by adding to his laurels. The business in Committee did not, it is true, make very much advance on Thursday night after Mr. SMITH's motion had been carried; though its progress was too fast for Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, "who hoped that the Government would see the inexpediency of passing clauses in too great a hurry"—a stroke of dry, almost too dry, humour, which was received with appreciative but astonished laughter by the House. But there are, no doubt, some Obstructionists with whom only one motion—that of the Closure—is of any avail to prove that a Government is in earnest in their resolve to push forward a Bill. That it has been delayed an inconceivable time, and that the so-called "discussion" by which delay has been caused has been of the most brazenly obstructive character, are propositions so obvious that few men but Mr. GLADSTONE would have the hardihood to contest them. The comparison on which he bases his contention between the present Land Purchase Bill and the Land Act of 1881 is as courageous as the contention itself. The Land Bill of 1881 simply bristled with new and startling legislative principles—principles which were hotly disputed at the time, and which are justly disputed to this day. The Land Purchase Bill, on the other hand, is founded on a single principle on which both parties are universally agreed, and is designed for a purpose which both parties alike profess to desire. As for the alleged complexity of its details, it is a mere pretence. There has never been any difficulty in comprehending and following the Bill, except such as has been created by feigned attempts to "amend" it.

DESSIN'S HOTEL, CALAIS.

THERE is always a sort of romance about the midnight landing at Calais, which repetition does not enfeeble. It has been a calm, tranquil night, and we have been bewildered by the amazing and dazzling lighthouse, which has been flashing at us during the passage with wonderful energy. Of a sudden the vessel glides up between the wickerwork piers, alongside the new "Maritime Station," as it is called, so inviting with its lit-up hall, and the tall electric lamps revealing the motley rows of Douaniers, soldiers, police, porters, all ready waiting. Far away the town lies in shadow, the clustered fishing-boats fast asleep between us and the darkly outlined church spires and steeples of the old Town Hall. Up to about a dozen years ago the vessel always threaded its way through the fishing-boats well up to the town. The weary, battered passengers had to totter, as best they could, to the station, whose illuminated clock, staring wide open all night, like a watchful eye, offered a sort of cheerful welcome. Faint voices often gasped out "Dessin's," while the utterer was seized on by the Good Samaritan of the house, and assisted kindly into one of the two ancient coaches of the place. It was something, too, to see "the Overland Mail," as it was then called, brought ashore—the bags in a rough-and-ready way heaped up into the great carts and bundled off to the railway. Or, it may have been some stormy, buffeting night, of general misery, as it too often is, and the intrepid boat has made its way through tumbling breakers that wash over the suffering passengers. It was grateful for these poor, racked beings to totter ashore and sink into a seat in the brilliant, well-lighted hall!—Paradise, almost!

While the trunks are tumbling and clattering on the platform, and the huge hall is filled with "gorgers," a hundred feeding like one, the judicious traveller would walk away across the docks and bridges to the town, not encountering a soul, save one other belated traveller. How welcome the first musical "janglings" of the old town-hall chimes, telling that it is a quarter to one. Crossing the effective Place, with all the cafés closed, he turns down a little by-street, known in the old times as Rue Neuve, lately re-named "Amiral Courbet," and makes for that old cozy shelter, Dessin's Hotel, still noting the fantastic, demon-like freaks of the light-house, which is busy making sweeping circles with its bull's-eye, now flashing into the bedroom window, now on the pavement, now on the roof of the church, exactly like Mr. Pickwick's lantern. These wild antics have a rather uncanny effect. He comes to a long white building, with a range of windows—the new-old Dessin's Hotel, but still quite old enough; the regular pattern of the French hotel in the by-street, to which at midnight the voyager has been driven many a time, *cocher* cracking his whip to let all within know that he is coming. A worthy woman in *sabots* admits him. Late as it is, the place is sure to be lighted up; there is the smiling court or garden, with its flowers and good old trees; and opposite, through the open door, a quaint, old-fashioned short stair, with "flourished" banisters. Round the court ran an old-fashioned arcade, the gallery over which had been glazed in. The ghost of Mr. Sterne might have been abroad, though he did not patronize *this* house, which in his day bore the sign of the "Silver Lion"—the effigy of the lion still rampant, and prancing aloft in the pediment of the house. The worthy *Calaisienne* leads the way up to a rather stately chamber on the first floor, set off with old-fashioned furniture, tall, "skimpy" mirrors, red velvet, and florid Louis XV. decorations. It seemed like the far-off days of first going to France; the air of old fashion was so complete. Next door are the handsome and ancient chambers where President Carnot was lately entertained. The spick-and-span rooms yonder at the new "Hôtel Maritime," on the Quay, might be contrasted with this antique retirement and solitude. One might be said to have the whole place to oneself, for there were not above two or three guests in the house.

In the morning it was always pleasant to look from the window down into the leafy courtyard, with its numerous little doors opening upon it. There was much carving, and the rooms were decorated with rough alto-reliefs, as old as last century. We should be grateful for this, which furnishes something to think of pleasantly hereafter; it is always wise to have something stored in the cupboards of memory. This "Silver Lion" is a very old hotel, as old as was old Dessin's, now swept away. It was the one associated with Hogarth, and in his day kept by a Madame Grandsire. The prancing lion recalls the story of old "Parson Harvest," who lost his way in Calais, over a hundred years ago, and knowing no French, put himself into the attitude of the lion, and was forthwith directed to his inn.

Many years ago, before the railway was made to Boulogne, the traveller used to journey for half a day in a rumbling *diligence* up and down the hills, and thus make his entry into Calais. He was then the prey of "touts" of all kinds who devoured him. Often the wayfarer had to spend the whole day and a great portion of the night, till the train started. At that time there were refugees living there, persons for whom their English creditors were a terror, and who could be seen taking their mournful walk on the pier, arrayed in mouldy shooting coats. A very vivid account of the monotonous Calais in those times was written in *Household Words* by Mr. Yates.

It is always a novel sensation wandering over the interesting old town; for interesting it is, in spite of the wholesale levelling and pulling to pieces it has lately undergone. The good old walls, stout and gamboge-coloured, which gave it so fortress-like an air are gone; the ditches filled up. The handsome and monumental Richelieu gate is swept away. Still the Place remains, always quaint and picturesque, with its narrow, irregularly-shaped houses, and the old Town Hall. Hogarth's gate, with its drawbridge, indeed, still hobbles on, but sadly mauled and defaced. As can be seen from the picture, it was in his day handsomely decorated with sculptures; and at one period could be made out the traces of the English royal arms on one side, which had been but partially erased. Near it was another gateway, and there was always a piquant, bizarre effect in entering the town from the port, through these archways, when, of a sudden, you found yourself in a narrow street, and presently emerged on the Place.

The old, or *oldest*, Dessin's used to be a delightful, inviting inn with a history and most interesting associations. We can go back to the Rev. L. Sterne in the year 1767, who made the place famous by his descriptions of the proprietor, of the guests and the house itself, in his *Sentimental Journey*. His delicate, exquisitely touched sketches of the monk, the lady, the *petit-maitre*, and the *désobligeante* are known to all, and have given the old building a picturesque vitality; even when, a century later, as we stand in its courtyard, these shadows seem to haunt the place. Only great writers can impart this feeling. Often the town is "in festival," with a thoroughly French air of gale, the band playing in the Place, and the residents—the poor exiles included—seated round on chairs, arrayed in their best. The hotels are busy. Near the Rue Royale the traveller in those old days found himself near a low, gamboge-coloured wall, with an open gateway, and trees within in a spacious courtyard that would have held many a postchaise. This was the old Dessin's, no longer a

hotel, and since the year 1860 converted into the town museum. Here was the *désobligeante*, and here Mr. Sterne talked with the lady. A tiled roof and dormer windows, tiled also, rose over the gateway. They would show Sterne's room, erst No. 31, and in the right wing, adorned with the well-known lithograph after Sir Joshua, and professing to have the old furniture. Over the door was written "Sterne's Room." Forty or fifty years ago a prying traveller discovered a date cut on the stones "1770," which was two years after Sterne's death; and he reasoned that this must be a sham "Sterne's Room." There had been, indeed, a fire, about the middle of last century, but it was found, on consulting the *Annales de Calais*, that this conflagration, which menaced the whole quarter, had occurred in September 1764, some three years before Sterne's last visit. It was a curious feeling rambling through these chambers. Yet there were other ghosts haunting the old inn quite as famous. For here were the rooms, unmarked, where Goldsmith slept, and the notorious Duchess of Kingston and Mrs. Piozzi, with her great friend Lady Hamilton; and here Brummell used to come regularly to dine.

Behind the hotel, and stretching back to the Rue Leveux, were the gardens, exceeding fair and spacious, full of fine old trees, which offered a great charm for the guest. Indeed, there are several of these fine gardens in the little town whose trees are seen over the high enclosing walls. At the bottom of Dessin's garden still stands the old theatre, built by the proprietor over a century ago as an attraction for his guests, who could leisurely walk down to it when *table d'hôte* was over. This is now the Town Theatre; but, alas! the fine gardens, the hotel itself, courtyard, "Sterne's Room," are all swept away.

At the "Silver Lion" the waiter will speak of the proprietor, of "Madame," who, though advanced in years, still administered the place. Who was "Madame"? Why, Madame Dessin herself; a lady, he said, who was perfectly "accessible" and glad to see strangers. She had her little old-fashioned group of small rooms, whose windows were pleasantly darkened by the foliage of the court. An interesting old lady in black, with grey curls and a soft manner. Her husband had been the grandson of "the famous and original Dessin," who had died about the end of last century, leaving two children to the guardianship of Quillacq, who later "held" the "Silver Lion." Travellers of the diligence or posting days knew Quillacq's well. Her husband was the son of one of these children and had left her to carry on the business. In 1860, as we have seen, she had leased the old inn to the town for a museum; but about ten years ago came the sorest trial. The Government coveted the fair gardens and courtyards, valuable and spacious ground in the contracted little town. "Mr. Prefect" himself waited on her, and tempted her with vast offers. The good old lady wept as she told of the struggles she had to go through. It was offered to make the town the seat of a sub-prefecture, and to build handsome offices on the ground; her patriotism was appealed to, and, as she said, she was *trop bonne Calaisienne* to hold out. She yielded and accepted the price. The old buildings were levelled, and a hideous, red, factory-like "Communal School" was built in the garden. The sub-prefecture, a showy structure, was also raised. Passing then from this painful subject, Madame proceeded to dwell on the *grand Sterne*, whose *Journey* she possessed in a fine quarto, of course liberally scored over with the travellers' very absurd notes. With a sort of pride she pointed to the pictures of the old hotel, when in its glory, with the *remise*, over which was a sort of bridge and stairs. She had a room still marked "Sterne's," to which the old furniture and decorations, with his picture, had been removed. It was pleasant to meet with such sympathy. It is less pleasant to reflect on the loss of "Dessin's."

THE CHESS MASTERS.

ON Tuesday last Mr. Steinitz, of New York, resigned the two correspondence matches which he has been playing against M. Tchigorin, of St. Petersburg, since the 24th of October, 1890. Many weeks ago, if not from the very outset of the match, chess-players had come to the conclusion that the champion had given himself a lost game in each case by adopting lines of play which had long been condemned by the judgment of the commentators. The contest had its origin in a direct challenge from Tchigorin, who, not content with the verdict of the Havana match in 1889, which he lost by six games against ten out of seventeen played, backed himself to the extent of 150*l.* to disprove two of the champion's contentions. His proposal was that he should play White in the Evans Gambit and Black in the Two Knights Defence, seven moves on each side being taken as moved—Steinitz to defend the Evans with 6, Q to B3 and 7, Kt to R3, and to tie himself similarly in the Two Knights game. The champion at once accepted the challenge; and now, after months of deliberate play, protracted a little obstinately towards the end, he has been compelled to lower his colours to the Russian on both boards.

It must be admitted that Tchigorin has played throughout with consummate ability and almost perfect accuracy, maintaining his handicap points without giving any conspicuous chance to his opponent of recovering from his bad start. Of course it is idle, remembering the conditions of the match, to say that Steinitz has been beaten on his merits, or that Tchigorin has reversed the verdict of 1889. Tchigorin himself would hardly

say so; for all that he undertook to do in this encounter was to finish a couple of games begun in a particular manner. Steinitz will probably maintain until his dying day that the moves which he adopted are sound, and that he ought to have won both games. If the Anglo-American player, whom every one allows to be the champion of the game of chess, has outlived his ambition to score nothing but wins in matches of the highest significance, and if it pleases him to stake his reputation as the master of a new school on moves which constantly bring him into difficulties, it would be very difficult to prevent him from having his own way. One moral of the match is that, when science is pitted against paradox for a deliberate test of merit, it is safer on the whole to put your money on science.

The chess world would doubtless feel considerable interest in a set match between Blackburne and Gunsberg, which is expected to be arranged without much further delay. The creditable score run up by the latter in his recent encounter with Steinitz appears to have whetted the appetite of Blackburne, who was said to have returned from Havana with a cartel in his pocket, determined to show that Gunsberg is neither the first nor the second match-player of the world. No doubt Mason and Burn would be equally ready to demonstrate that he is neither the first, nor the second, nor the third. Comparing Blackburne's match record against the champion with the recent Steinitz-Gunsberg match, the younger player should certainly have the best of it. Blackburne played Steinitz in 1863, 1870, and 1876, scoring on these three occasions one against seven, nothing against five, and nothing against seven. On the other hand, Blackburne beat Gunsberg in 1881, conceding two games to begin with, and six years later he beat Zukertort by five games to one, losing to Gunsberg in the same year by two to five. There is consequently an open question to be decided between these two masters, and it is thoroughly sportsmanlike of Blackburne to offer to settle it out of hand.

It may be interesting to add a somewhat rough-and-ready estimate of the comparative merits of modern chess masters, so far as these can be gauged by the tournament play of the past twenty years, and having special regard to the performances of English and American players. The following list of important tournaments is not put forward as exhaustive, but it may be accepted as fairly covering the ground:—

1872, London	Steinitz, Blackburne, Zukertort.
1873, Vienna	Steinitz, Blackburne.
1878, Paris	Zukertort, Blackburne, Bird = Mackenzie.
1881, Berlin	Blackburne, Zukertort.
1882, Vienna	Steinitz = Winawer, Blackburne (6th).
1883, London	Zukertort, Steinitz, Blackburne (Mason, 5th).
1885, Hamburg	Gunsberg, Blackburne = Mason.
1887, Frankfurt	Mackenzie, Blackburne.
1889, Breslau	Tarrasch, Burn, (Gunsberg, 6th).
— Amsterdam	Burn, Lasker, Gunsberg = Mason.
— New York	Tchigorin = Weiss, Gunsberg, Blackburne.
B. C. A., 1886	Blackburne, Burn, Gunsberg.
" 1887	Burn = Gunsberg, Blackburne.
" 1888	Gunsberg, Mackenzie, Mason (Burn, 5th).
" 1890	Tarrasch, Blackburne, Bird = Mackenzie
	(with Gunsberg = Mason, 5th).

The recent death of Captain Mackenzie—the American champion if Steinitz is excluded—whose record is fairly indicated in the list given above, has removed one of the most genial, as well as one of the very ablest, of modern players. Major Hanham and Mr. Lipschutz followed him at a distinct interval in the records of American chess.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

THE struggle for life and honours grows hard, and we greatly doubt whether the diplomatic service is now the delightful thing it was once supposed to be. Snakes have entered into that Eden. Even at the crack Embassies the representative of Great Britain is no longer an autocrat. The Foreign Secretary sits at the other end of a telegraphic wire, expecting information and issuing peremptory instructions, and it is a matter of certainty that before very long the telegraph will be superseded by the telephone. The Sublime Porte will never again have to submit to the ascendancy of another Great Elchi like the strong-willed Sir Stratford. Should the Czar desire to discuss the condition and succession of the Sick Man, he will only regard an Ambassador as an ear-trumpet or a mouthpiece. Apart from the love of power which is common to all men of talent and ambition, there are many drawbacks to those distant foreign residences. So far as pay, allowances, and palatial accommodation go, Teheran is by no means a bad berth. But it is a serious matter for an elderly gentleman to ride many hundred miles to his post over wretched roads and through formidable hill passes on a rough-paced camel or a half-broken horse; or at best to be jolted along on a litter like a Persian corpse being carried to one of the sacred cemeteries. Then should he be struck down by sickness his retreat is cut off, and convalescence is necessarily delayed by natural anxiety and impatience. There are capitals to which promising first secretaries with influential connexions are promoted, such as Quito, Lima, and Caracas, where you are hung up to simmer or swelter on the Line itself, or in the blazing tropics of Cancer and Capricorn. *Il va sans dire* that you would be bored to death, in the utter absence of congenial society, were you not occasionally kept alive by the mosquitos, and generally so listless as to be indifferent to amuse-

ments. Even the grand prizes in the lottery are really apt to be blanks to members of the "Travellers," the "Carlton," and "White's," with the run of the best dining-rooms and drawing-rooms in London. Home-sickness is generated alike in the frosts and chilly fogs of the Neva and in the glowing summers of the beautiful Bosphorus. In St. Petersburg, the minister with small private means, what with costly furs, household swindling, state-equipages, and hospitality, is pretty sure to outrun the constable, while he exercises his diplomatic gifts in keeping duns at a distance; and the sensuous poetry of Constantinople, with its palms and its minarets, the scents of its roses, and the serenades of its bulbuls, is troubled by the stench and rascality of Pera, by the wiles of the venal Turk, and the subterranean intrigue of the smooth-spoken Tartar. Had the bellicose Parisians of the Boulevards carried out their cry of "à Berlin" they would never have cared to remain there, for the city of the Great Frederick, among the sand-wastes by the Spree, is a veritable European Tadmor in the Wilderness; yet the Paris of the Republic is a sad change, in a social point of view, from the brilliant Paris of the Second Empire, or even the eminently respectable Paris of the *bourgeois* Monarchy. The snuggest positions, though they were modest and unpretending, were the Legations to the homely little Courts of Germany; but these for the most part have been either abolished or doubled up into an oppressive cumulation of functions. At least, however, in the diplomatic service, even now, if there is far less power, there is little responsibility, and Ministers who can put up with the discredit of being screws can manage to take life pleasantly and smoothly.

It is very different with our Consular dignitaries. The Consular duties are no sinecure nowadays, whatever they once were. Time was when one of the chief consulates used to be the dream of an energetic supporter of Ministers with no gift of speech and slight private fortune. Some of the most lucrative of the consulates came to be regarded not only as life-places, but as family possessions. There were consulates at the Italian ports, on the Riviera, and in Southern Spain, duly transmitted from father to son, and the offices were filled with credit to the occupants and honour to the country. The cadets were often provided for in subsidiary vice-consulates. In those days travellers were comparatively few; they seldom troubled the Consul on business, and were always made welcome when they left their cards. Before prices had been run up by promiscuous foreign immigration, in a fine climate, with primitive fashions, cheap living, cheap servants, and cheap wines, a Consul's pay went a considerable way. Moreover, he was not forbidden to trade; his friends the merchants were always putting him up to good things, and he could afford to practise the liberal hospitality on which he prided himself. But that trading, having been abused, was peremptorily stopped; and now a consulate is simply exile with hard labour. At best it is a preferment, sometimes useful to shut the mouths of those who, having indisputable claims on the national gratitude, are without powerful political friends or have made enemies at the Foreign Office by sturdy independence. Palgrave was commissioned to Heaven-forsaken Trebizonde as a reward for his daring explorations in Arabia; Hannay, with his brilliant literary style, was sent to sign shipping certificates and indite Consular reports from Barcelona; and Charles Lever and Richard Burton, in their several ways the best and most entertaining of companions, successively pined away and died, under the blighting influence of the "bora," at Trieste. Not that they had not occupation enough, although it might possibly have been more congenial. The Consul at a busy seaport is always being called in to settle disputes between overbearing skippers and mutinous seamen. He has to sit in judgment on pierces of rancid pork and casks of weevily biscuit, and to decide, as if he had been bred a surgeon at Bartholomew's, when the legitimate use of the knuckles and the rope's-end degenerates into brutality. Above all, he is supposed to be the incarnation of an indiscriminating charity organization—to find food, shelter, and free passages to England for roving mendicants and rascally stowaways. Of course, a maritime Consul is strictly within his rights if he tells such applicants in diplomatic language to go to the — mischief. As matter of fact, he knows very well that awkward questions may be asked in Parliament by some radical champion of the rights of the penniless. And now we are reminded, by a pathetic and somewhat prolix document issued by the Consul-General at Frankfort on the Maine, that the heads of internal consulates in the tourist districts have even more serious grievances. We knew that their time was supposed to be at the mercy of any indiscreet visitor with a grievance, from the overcharges of the washerwoman in an hotel bill to the *laches* of a plausible *laquais de place*. We know that the Consul, in virtue of his office, was supposed to be the guide, friend, and adviser of any and every innocent abroad. But it would appear that many of them would make him their banker as well; they not only come with the cheques and letters of credit which the professional dealers in money decline, but they ask for advances on personal security and a simple promise of repayment. A Rothschild would be ruined were it generally understood that he was in the habit of indulging in that kind of business. As to the Montecristo fashion of financing all comers, the Frankfort Consul remonstrates; but he goes on to cut out work for himself and his *confrères* by warning his countrymen that in all hiring of houses or contracting for board and lodging for lengthened periods they should seek Consular advice. It is clear that under the new con-

ditions the Consul is likely to have almost as hard a time as the Special Correspondent of the journals, who must sit metaphorically at the seat of telegraphic correspondence up to the moment when his paper is going to press.

And we know no one who has more reason to complain of the accelerated pace of the age than Our Own Correspondent. A score, or even a dozen of years ago, he was expected to send home three or four letters a week. To be sure, he had always more or less the sense that the waggon was pressing on his heels; but there was seldom special hurry. He was supposed to go into society and enjoy himself. It was his business to dine at restaurants, urban or suburban, according to the season; to drop in at receptions and dances afterwards; to make himself casually agreeable to Ministers and to financiers, and to provoke friendly invitations to *tête-à-tête* breakfasts. He had the time to try for a State secret over coffee and cigars, or to dangle a journalistic bait, by way of bribery, for communication of the terms of a forthcoming loan. He and his easy-going brothers of the pen might live together in friendly and placid intelligence. Now, considering how indefatigably the work seems to be done, we fail to understand how any man can live the pace. For up to the hour when the last possible message can be despatched the zealous correspondent must be in an incessant fear lest any rival should steal a march upon him. He must always be dreaming of controlling circumstances which are virtually beyond his control. Though he really could not arrange to assist at the sudden assassination of a king or an emperor, his paper will infallibly hold him responsible for having missed that epoch-marking occasion, and a second misfortune of a similar kind may blight his professional prospects. On the whole, we would rather be an Ambassador than a Consul, and we should decidedly sooner be a Consul than a foreign correspondent; but, barring the dignity and the better pay, the post of a railway signalman at Clapham Junction or Waterloo seems as desirable as any of the three.

CLEVELAND BAYS.

A FEW years ago the inhabitants of a quiet neighbourhood in the North of England were seized with panic. The pride of the district was in danger; the Cleveland Bay horse seemed likely to become extinct, and what would Cleveland be without the Cleveland Bay? The reasons of the rapid disappearance of the horses known by this name were sufficiently obvious. When the great heavy chariots, emblazoned with arms, and hung with hammer-cloths, began to make way for small broughams, light barouches and victorias, big, heavily-topped horses were less and less required. Faster, more bloodlike, and sharper-stepping horses were more suited to the modern carriages, and the Cleveland Bays went out of fashion. In the meantime the Germans, and later on the Americans also, fell in love with our discarded favourites. Their demand for them became especially strong about the beginning of the agricultural depression, when farmers were easily tempted to part with their mares by the offer of long prices, the more so because English dealers in carriage-horses will not buy mares, but only geldings; consequently such a large number of Cleveland Bay mares was exported that the breed seemed likely to be exterminated in this country. Another cause of its gradual disappearance was the popularity of carriage-horses bred by thoroughbred or Yorkshire horses from Cleveland mares, which induced many owners of the latter, if they did not sell them to go abroad, to mate them exclusively with horses of one or other of those breeds. The result was that comparatively few pure Clevelands, by Cleveland sires from Cleveland mares, were bred at all. The entries in the Cleveland Bay classes at the meetings of the Cleveland Agricultural Society had become so rare, that a proposal was made before the Council to abolish the prizes in that class. This proposal may almost be said to have been the means of saving the Cleveland Bay from extinction; for it had the effect of giving three or four of the warmest admirers of the breed "such a frightening," as one of them put it, that they met together to discuss what could be done to preserve it, and eventually the Cleveland Bay Horse Society was founded, with a Stud Book of its own. Six volumes of this Stud Book have already been published, and farmers are beginning to find out the advantage of possessing horses and mares entered in it; for, as shorthorn breeders—and, we might add, the officials at the Heralds' College—have long since discovered, the Americans dearly love a pedigree. The Society has lately put forth a little pamphlet containing a few extracts from the evidence given before the Royal Commissions on Horse-breeding in the years 1873 and 1889, an article by Mr. A. E. Pease, M.P., the President of the Society, and an essay by Mr. W. S. Dixon, who had already written the Introduction to the first volume of the Cleveland Bay Stud Book.

The true believer in the Cleveland Bay considers him about the purest bred animal, and certainly the purest bred horse, in the universe. The Cleveland, it seems, comes down in unbroken descent from the "aboriginal horse of this country which wrought such havoc in the Roman Legions"; it certainly "is not a little singular that Mr. Walter Gilbey, in his able and interesting book on the old English War Horse," should make exactly the same claim on behalf of the Shire Horse; but what of that? A thorough Cleveland Bay fancier, if hard pressed, will grudgingly admit the bare possibility that "in the early days of Carthage," when her

merchants traded extensively with Great Britain, they might have brought over a barb or two for bartering purposes, and that a dash of Eastern blood may thus have found its way into the veins of their beloved aboriginal Clevelands. The possibility that the faintest tinge of foreign blood may have polluted this otherwise pure breed, even so long ago as the early days of Carthage, is, of course, greatly to be deplored, although fortunately there is nothing more than "an air of probability about this theory." The Cleveland Bay breeder, again, is not held to be an absolute heretic if he listens patiently, though doubtingly, to the suggestion that, "when the Danes invaded and harried the north-east coast of the country," they may have brought some Scandinavian horses with them and mated them with Cleveland mares. But what drives Cleveland Bay people almost frantic is to pretend that their precious breed has been crossed, much less improved, by "so-called thoroughbred horses." According to their ideas real thoroughbred horses are Cleveland Bays. It is true that there is a Stud Book for racehorses; but that breed they appear to consider the result of a curious admixture of Eastern with English blood, "the mares whose pedigrees are frequently wanting in the Stud Book" showing how obscure was its origin. So far as our "so-called thoroughbred horses" are concerned, a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1739 probably expressed the opinions of the modern partisan of the Cleveland Bay when he said:—"Our noble breed of horses is now enervated by an intermixture with Turks, Barbs, and Arabians, just as our modern nobility and gentry are debauched with the effeminate manners of France and Italy."

An unimpassioned opinion on the breeding of the Cleveland, given in the fiftieth volume of the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*, seems to us so much to the point that we venture to quote it:—"In the absence of any ground for coming to a different conclusion, the already promulgated theory may be accepted that the Cleveland of to-day is descended from a breed of horses indigenous to the locality in which they are now reared; and one must be content to leave it in doubt whether the breed was founded or modified by Eastern blood, or by native mares being crossed with Carthaginian sires in the distant past—questions which are not very important after all." More than five-and-twenty years ago the late editor of the *Field*, "Stonehenge," in his book on the horse, speaks much more freely. He says it is "probable that the original breed was employed as a pack-horse solely," but that "he is at present a coach-horse"; adding, "he is still claimed by the breeders in the district of Yorkshire from which he takes his name as a distinct variety." Worst of all, he says, "I do not myself believe in the purity of the breed." Professor Lowe, again, considers that "it is the progressive mixture of the blood of horses of higher breeding with those of the common race which has produced that class of horse usually termed Cleveland Bay." But what shall be said of a writer to the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society* in 1860, who has the impiety to say:—"For hunters the worst cross is that with the soft and specious Cleveland Bay. Even Ireland . . . is now debased and half-ruined by this flat-catching strain?" From the opposite view of the question the President of the Cleveland Bay Society writes:—"From the Cleveland mare can be produced . . . the most active weight-carrier that the soul of man can desire," and he wishes that, instead of "half-breds from cart-mares and worn-out huntresses," Cleveland Bay mares were universally used for breeding hunters.

Yorkshire boasts two breeds of large carriage-horses—the Cleveland Bay and the Yorkshire Coach-horse. According to Youatt, "the origin of the coach-horse is the Cleveland Bay. . . The Cleveland mare is crossed by a three-fourths or thoroughbred horse . . . and the produce is the coach-horse most in repute, with his arched crest and high action." He considers the Cleveland, on the contrary, "a definite breed, formed not by accidental mixture, but by continued culture." According to the "stallion cards" of some of the Yorkshire Coach-horse sires, both Cleveland and thoroughbreds had shares in their production. Ignorant Southerners have been known to declare their inability to understand where Cleveland Bays and Yorkshire Coach-horses begin, and that the distinction between the two breeds is much the same as that betwixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee. At the Royal Agricultural Show at Windsor, and also at Plymouth, to the disgust of zealous Clevelanders, the Council classed both of them together, and the winner of the first prize at the latter meeting last year was a Yorkshire Coach-horse whose sire's dam had been a Cleveland Bay. Mr. Burdett-Coutts, a very high as well as a most practical authority, keeps both breeds in one common stud, and in the published catalogue to it he says:—"The Cleveland Bays, in what I may call their aboriginal form, are agricultural horses, with plenty of grand points in their frame, but no elegance of 'turning,' and without action, and therefore totally unfitted to produce, from themselves alone, the big carriage-horse." On the other hand, he says that "the Yorkshire Coach-horses have both the qualities above referred to, but they again, if kept to themselves, will in a short time become high in the leg and light of bone, and consequently equally unfitted to draw the weight of a big barouche or a state coach." Professor Wallace is of opinion that the pure Cleveland also has a tendency to become lighter in bone, and this he attributes to inbreeding. Very good representatives of the Cleveland Bay may be seen in the Queen's stables at Buckingham Palace, and the Queen's Equerry stated before the Royal Commission that he always bought horses of this breed for the

Royal carriages in London. The height of the Clevelands is from 16 hands to 16-3, and their comparative regularity in height and colour makes them singularly convenient horses for match purposes. Their heads are usually rather ugly and heavy, but well set on to arched necks, which go back right into the withers. They have long backs, sometimes rather sunken where a saddle would be placed, and they are not remarkable for depth of girth. Their shoulders are fairly placed for harness purposes; but they are unsuited for galloping. Their loins are very moderate, and their quarters are somewhat raised, with the tail set on pretty high. The quarters themselves are quite strong enough, without showing the development of hard muscle in proportion to size and bone which one looks for in a hunter or a racehorse. In their arms and second thighs, again, they are usually a little wanting in substance for such large horses. The bone of their legs is excellent; indeed, it is said that it is like ivory, and that billiard-balls might be made of it. Their admirers claim for them that they move their shoulders admirably, and that their knee action, although not very high, is well adapted for getting rapidly over the ground. On the latter point there may be some difference of opinion. Certainly Cleveland Bays are not the horses which we should select to trot a match against time over a measured mile. Their breeders are particularly proud of the manner in which they "flex" their hocks, and, to their credit be it spoken, they do this very well. For such big, and even heavy, horses they have wonderfully fine skins and coats, and their colour is invariably bay, either light or dark. White—even a blaze on the forehead or a white foot—is supposed to show that there has been a cross of other blood in the pedigree. Sometimes black, zebra-like stripes are to be found on the arms and above the hocks, and these are considered a proof of purity of blood. The immediate descendants of a Cleveland Bay sire are almost always bay, and those of a Cleveland Bay mare most frequently have the colour of their dam. This, together with their own persistent bay colouring, is one of the strongest arguments in favour of the purity and antiquity of their breed. Mr. Alexander Cope, M.R.C.V.S., the Chief Inspector of the Agricultural Department of the Privy Council, testified to the soundness of Cleveland Bay horses before the Royal Commission on Horse-breeding. Some people maintain that they very often become roaners; but so do other horses, for that matter, and tight bearing-reins may possibly have something to do with this in the case of Cleveland Bays in London carriages.

It may be well to remember that Cleveland Bay is comparatively a modern name for the horse we have been describing. He used to be known as the Chapman horse, and he was, in fact, a pack-horse. That, however, is no disgrace, for his very best friends are fond of pointing out his great virtue in being a jack-of-all-trades. He will either draw one of the Queen's state carriages, a manure-cart, or a plough, as may be required. Crossed with an active cart-mare, he will begot "the most useful description of half-bred for artillery, strong troop-horses, van, or general-utility horses"; while his sister, if properly mated, will give "the finest stamp of carriage-horse that is known," or "a weight-carrying hunter, next best to the clean thoroughbred." So say the friends of that "flat-catching strain," "the soft and specious Cleveland Bay," of whose "very existence," as the President of the Cleveland Bay Society candidly admits, "there is often entire ignorance beyond the North and East Ridings" of Yorkshire. Be his merits or demerits what they may, we think it would be a great pity that so fine a breed should be lost, and we consider that the promoters of the Cleveland Bay Horse Society deserve high credit for their exertions to maintain it.

THE OPERA.

WITH the exception of the performance of Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète* last Monday, no addition has been made during the past week to the works already brought forward this season at Covent Garden. The interest created last year by M. Jean de Reszke's assumption of a part in which he succeeded two such artists as Signor Mario and Signor Tamberlik was so great that it was only natural that an early repetition of the performance should take place during the present season. If the success of a work like *Le Prophète* depended only upon the representative of the hero, Monday's performance would deserve nothing but unqualified praise. Both dramatically and vocally M. Jean de Reszke is an ideal John of Leyden; but, unfortunately, Meyerbeer's operas do not lend themselves to the "Star" system, and their proper performance demands an *ensemble* which it is difficult to obtain in a company gathered together for a couple of months in the year, especially when, as at Covent Garden, a different work is mounted almost every night in the week. Want of rehearsal is more detrimental to Meyerbeer than to almost any other composer, except, perhaps, Wagner. His style is such a curious mixture of vulgarity and nobility, and his effects depend so often upon attention to minute details, that his operas suffer seriously when performed in a slipshod and careless manner. Their extreme length is also highly detrimental to complete success; for the long waits between the acts which are customary in London necessitate severe cuts which interfere seriously with both composer's and librettist's intentions. This was especially the case on Monday last, when Berthe's share of the Prison scene in the

last act was entirely omitted, thereby sacrificing a considerable part of the *dénouement* of the plot. Haste and want of preparation were also noticeable in the second act, in which the Skating scene was very clumsily managed. Interest in the ballet seems so extinct in this country, that it is perhaps hopeless to expect the management to take the initiative in reviving what was once a conspicuous feature in Italian opera; the pitiless purists of the gallery chose to express their discontent at the general shortcomings of the performance in this respect by sounds of disapproval of Mlle. Palladino's dancing. For this she deserves condolence, for she is a good dancer of a school which is almost extinct in this country. In spite of these obvious defects, there was much in Monday's performance which merits unqualified praise. Mme. Richard, who in certain parts is unrivalled, repeated her impersonation of Fidé, in which she created so great an impression last season. During the first act she was obviously ill at ease, owing to want of familiarity with the Italian Opera pitch, and her intonation was accordingly uncertain; but this defect was speedily remedied, and her acting and singing in the Cathedral scene and throughout the last act could not have been finer. The music of the part is by no means easy; but Mme. Richard has been trained in a good school, and her execution of florid passages, as well as her dramatic delivery in the great situations of the third and fourth acts, was quite faultless. The representatives of the three Anabaptists, headed by M. Edouard de Reszke as Zacharie, were very good, and M. Dufriche's Oberthal showed great improvement upon his performances last season. Mme. Kate Rolla is hardly suited for the part of Berthe; she is an experienced singer, but her voice is neither fresh nor sympathetic, and her stage presence does not lend itself to the dramatic action. The chorus showed marked improvement, and the tendency to shout, which was noticeable in some of the earlier performances of the season, has evidently been suppressed. Signor Mancinelli might, however, still with advantage moderate the energy of the brass in the orchestra, which was at times painfully prominent. The scene of the Coronation was presented with all the splendour of dresses and armour which Mr. Harris understands so well; the display is very magnificent, though it would hardly pass muster as archaeologically correct. In the last scene an accident which happened to the scenery might have had very unpleasant results; fortunately it only necessitated the lowering of the curtain for a short time.

The performance of Verdi's familiar *Traviata* on Thursday night served to bring forward M. Lubert, a French tenor who was heard last week in *Carmen*, as Alfred Germont. The part suits him better than that of the hero of Bizet's opera; he is more acceptable as a singer than as an actor, though in neither capacity is he quite qualified for so large a stage as that of Covent Garden. The remainder of the cast was the same as on the previous occasion when the work was performed this season, M. Maurel repeating his fine impersonation of that heaviest of heavy fathers, the elder Germont, and Mme. Albani being the heroine. Of the many representatives of the part who have been seen in London, it may safely be said that none is more admirably artistic, both from a musical and dramatic point of view, than the Canadian prima donna. The excellence of her singing and the pathos of her acting were both displayed to the greatest advantage in Thursday's performance. Mme. Albani has always been a great artist; but at one time she showed a tendency towards exaggeration and over-emphasis which threatened to become a serious defect. Now that she has overcome this failing, her performances are singularly perfect and delightful to witness.

MONEY MATTERS.

A SHARP fall in the shares of the Banque d'Escompte at the beginning of the week, and disquieting rumours concerning that institution and others in Paris, created much uneasiness on the Bourse, which was not without its effect upon our own market. Dissatisfaction with the management of French banks has been growing for some years, and at last has become so strong that the Government has decided to introduce a Bill for the purpose of putting a stop to the worst irregularities. Whether it will have that effect or not, there can be no disputing that there is very grave and very general mismanagement. The joint-stock banks in France are of two kinds; one class was founded on the same principle as our own—that is to say, they take deposits from the public, and they discount bills and make advances. But they soon departed from the true principles of deposit banking, and engaged in loan- and Company-mongering, in underwriting new issues, and in operating on the Stock Exchange; in short, they entered into business which no English joint-stock bank would ever think of. The other French joint-stock banks are really little more than contrivances for manipulating the Bourse and for loan- and Company-mongering. The deposit banks are, of course, exposed to greater danger, since, if they once get into discredit, there may be a run upon the deposits which would at once compel them to close their doors. For the time being, however, the greatest apprehension is felt in respect to the banks of the second class. The deposit banks, even the greatest, have lost credit. One of them is known to have locked up the greater part of its capital; another, besides having extended itself too widely over the world, is too deeply involved in Portuguese and other State loans; while the smaller of them have shared in the

disrepute of the Comptoir d'Escompte and the Banque des Dépôts. But for the time being, as already said, it is the smaller banks which hold little or no deposits that are exciting alarm. The shares more particularly of the Banque d'Escompte have been falling for a considerable time past. It is believed that a great operator, who holds so many of the shares that he controls the bank and directs its policy, is himself very much involved, and there is a fear, therefore, that both he and the institution he controls may suddenly be ruined. The difficulties arising out of these banking embarrassments are aggravated by the reckless speculation that has been going on in Portuguese, Spanish, Turkish, and Russian securities, in Ottoman Bank shares, Copper Company shares, and the like. The Paris Bourse passed safely through the crisis of last November, and the leaders there felt confident a few months ago that, in spite of the distrust in London, Berlin, and New York, they would be able to overcome all their difficulties. But the increasing discredit of the banks, the inability of the weaker speculators to meet their engagements, and, above all, the bad crop prospects, now seem likely to bring on a crisis. The winter and spring have been worse in France even than in this country. Backward as are the crops here, they are still more so in France, especially in regard to the wheat crop, upon which it appears that the season has had a most disastrous effect. It is, therefore, estimated that in wheat alone France this year will lose not less than 50 millions sterling. Of course it is too early to form any trustworthy opinion as to what the harvest will turn out, and any estimate formed now must necessarily be a little wild. But it is worth giving all the same, as showing the view held in the Paris money market of the agricultural outlook for the year. If the wheat crop is really anything like so bad as is now expected, other crops will probably suffer relatively. There will be a difficulty in feeding cattle and there will be a very bad hay harvest. Altogether, therefore, the agricultural population of France will be in difficulties. It will not be able to invest as it usually does, and a falling off in the investments of the agricultural classes will tell disastrously upon the Bourse. All this, by discouraging operations on the Bourse, tends to aggravate the difficulties of the banks, and, therefore, to precipitate a crisis. It is said, however, that the great speculator above referred to has been pecuniarily assisted, and it is hoped, therefore, that for the moment the danger is averted. But until the Bourse settlement next week is over uncertainty will continue. And, in any case, apprehension is likely to spring up again.

The money market has been surprised this week by the unexpected scarcity of loanable capital. The Bank of England, while keeping its official minimum rate of discount at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., has been charging all but its regular customers 4 per cent. for discount and $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for loans; and it has done a large business. The chief cause of the sudden rise in the value of money is the preparations that have been made for paying off 2½ millions sterling of a Russian loan that fell due yesterday. The money had been held previously by Messrs. Rothschild, the financial agents of the Russian Government, and had been lent out by them in the open market. Of course, for some days before the redemption of the loan they had to call in the funds, and though it is only a temporary displacement of money, it compelled the brokers who had borrowed to go to the Bank of England for the means of repayment. Gold also has begun to go to Scotland, and generally the prospect now is that the money market will continue very firm throughout this month.

The silver market is still weak and inactive. There is very little demand for India, scarcely any for the Continent, and speculators in the United States are unable to support the market because of the large accumulation of the metal that has been going on for months. The price, therefore, after some few fluctuations, is only 44½d. per ounce.

The apprehensions in Paris, referred to above, caused some uneasiness in London at the beginning of the week. Especially on Monday there was a general decline in international securities, which caused all speculators to restrict their operations. Since then the belief has grown that the large speculator whose name had been mentioned has received assistance, and that a crisis, therefore, is postponed. At all events, there has been such a recovery in prices in Paris as has restored some confidence in the foreign market. At the same time, most people expect a crisis before the year is out. And there is also uneasiness respecting Berlin, where the liquidation in industrial securities is not yet completed, and embarrassed speculators see their difficulties increased by the bad reports from the coal and iron districts. Partly owing to the uneasiness in Paris and Berlin, partly to the dearth of money, and partly to the fact that the Stock Exchange is closed yesterday and to-day, a check has been given to the speculation in American railroad securities. At the end of last week there was an extraordinary rise in the great American cities. The reports respecting the winter wheat crop are very favourable—more favourable than they have been since 1882—and as crop prospects in Europe are bad, the expectation is very general that the United States will be able to sell to Europe an exceptionally large quantity of grain at unusually good prices. This, of course, will not only enrich the farmers, but will give large traffics to the railways, and, therefore, a very active speculation has sprung up, not only in New York, but in Chicago, St. Louis, and the other great cities. At the end of last week it looked as if the speculation were extending in this country, and even at the beginning of this

week there was more buying than had been witnessed since May of last year. The scare in Paris checked business on Monday; but on Tuesday better reports from Paris encouraged the larger operators, and it is said that the purchases in New York on European account were larger on that day than on any single day for twelve months. On Wednesday, however, business greatly fell away, as speculators desired to lessen their risks before the holidays began; still, there was not very much fall. And on Thursday there was a resumption of activity and higher prices. Apparently, the great operators in the United States are as confident as ever. Possibly they were pleased to see some pause in the speculation, as it enabled them to increase their holdings of stocks in the hope that by-and-bye they may be able to sell at a large profit to European operators. In other departments of the Stock Exchange very little has been done. The blowing up of a warship has inspired some hope that the Chilean civil war will soon come to an end, but the market for Chilean bonds is as weak as ever. In Brazil speculation continues utterly reckless, and the reports from the Argentine Republic show no improvement.

The public failed to apply in any considerable numbers for the Portuguese Monopoly issue in Paris, and in consequence the bankers and Syndicates interested have had to take almost the whole of the loan. It is believed that one bank took about half the amount offered in Paris. Although it is not strictly true that the issue has been a failure, inasmuch as the Syndicates and underwriters have had to take it, yet the lock-up of capital by them must increase the difficulties in Paris. It is quite clear that the French investing public will not buy more of Portuguese securities, however strongly they may be recommended.

The month of April has come to an end without any rainfall worth speaking of; and, though the temperature has become much more favourable, the crop prospects are still very unsatisfactory. The price of wheat during the past ten days has given way a little, partly because of the cessation of French speculative buying; but the opinion of the trade is that there will be a further advance. In the principal markets of England and Wales last week the average price of English wheat was 40s. 1d. per quarter as against 30s. 4d. in the corresponding week of last year, a rise of 9s. 9d. per quarter, or over 32 per cent.

Although there has been a recovery in Paris since the middle of the week, prices in the international market are all lower than they were last week, the heaviest fall being naturally in Portuguese bonds, owing to the refusal of the French public to subscribe to the new issue, and the desperate state of the finances. Portuguese Three per Cents closed on Thursday evening at 52½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday evening of 1½. The Greek Loan of 1884 closed at 88, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday evening of ½. The Greek Monopoly Loan closed at 68½, a fall of 1½. Spanish closed at 74½, a fall of ½; and Egyptian Unified closed at 98, also a fall of ½. South American securities are also somewhat lower, notwithstanding a partial recovery during the week. The Argentine bonds of 1886, indeed, closed on Thursday evening at 69½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ½; but the Four and a Half per Cents closed at 41, a fall of ½; and the Buenos Ayres Sixes closed at 44-46, a fall of as much as 2. It is, however, in Argentine railway stocks that the greatest depreciation has occurred. Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed on Thursday evening at 153-156, a fall of 2. Central Argentine closed at 65-67, a fall of 3. Buenos Ayres and Pacific 7 per cent. Preference stock closed at 80-85, a fall of as much as 7. The reader will note how wide the quotations are, showing the unwillingness of dealers to buy, and consequently that the quotations are largely nominal, since an attempt to sell any considerable amount would break the market. Owing to the rise in the value of money, there has been a further decline in Consols; they closed on Thursday evening at 95½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as ½. In Home railway stocks the movements have been irregular. Metropolitan Consolidated Stock and Metropolitan District rose for the week, the one 1½, and the other 2. The Consolidated closed at 85½, the District at 33. On the other hand, London and North-Western closed at 172½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of ½; and Great Western closed at 156½, a fall of as much as 1½. In American railway securities there has been an almost general advance, though prices are not quite as high as they were earlier in the week. The advance, however, is most marked in speculative securities which investors had better avoid. Milwaukee shares closed on Thursday evening at 65½, a rise of 1½ compared with the preceding Thursday. Erie shares closed at 22½, a rise of 1½; Louisville and Nashville closed at 83, a rise of 2½; Union Pacific closed at 53, a rise of 1. On the other hand, New York Central shares closed at 105½, a fall for the week of ½; and Lake Shore shares closed at 114½, a fall of 1; but Illinois shares rose 2, having closed on Thursday at 113½.

THE EXPLOSION IN ROME.

AS far back as 1878 a petition signed by several thousand citizens, praying that all powder magazines and other depôts of explosives should be removed as far as possible from Rome, was placed before the then officiating Syndic of the

city. The Vatican, moreover, addressed a circular letter on the same subject to its various representatives and agents in all parts of the world, indicating the extreme danger to which so artistic a city as Rome was exposed unless the greatest precautions were observed and the powder magazines banished into the Campagna, where the greatest damage they could do in case of accident would be the shaking of a few old ruins of no importance, and the scaring of a herd or so of buffaloes. No heed was paid by the Italian officials to either the petition of the Roman citizens or to the protest of the Pope, with a result which has been painfully disastrous. Rome is no ordinary city, and although it has suffered greatly of late years from the pertinacious efforts of a group of vandals to convert it into a sort of provincial Paris, nevertheless it still contains inestimable treasures of art and antiquity. One morning last week the population was literally scared out of its wits by one of the most tremendous explosions of modern times. The powder magazine at Vigna Pia, just outside the walls, blew up with such terrific force that the whole city was shaken to its foundation, as by a violent shock of earthquake. People rushed half-dressed into the streets, and the spectacle of a Roman Princess, whose name dates back to the Cæsars, careering wildly up the Corso wrapped up in a blanket was by no means the least singular effect produced by the disaster.

The aged Pontiff, who, we are told, was still in bed, was naturally not a little agitated by so dreadful a noise and tumult. The Cardinal Rampolla, who inhabits an apartment in the upper floor of the pontifical palace, rushed down to the Pope, and for some moments the crash of enormous quantities of falling glass was such as to deafen everybody, for every window in the Loggia of Raphael, the library, galleries, and even of the Basilica of St. Peter, was smashed to atoms by the vibration. The magnificent stained glass window presented by the late Emperor of Germany to Pius IX., and placed at the top of the Scala Reggia, was entirely destroyed. In the galleries some hundreds of Etruscan vases and specimens of ancient glass were reduced to fragments. A gentleman who chanced to be in the Belvidere at the time of the disaster, declares that the Apollo Belvidere fairly tottered on its pedestal. The Basilicas of St. Paul and of St. John of Lateran suffered severely. At St. Paul's every pane of glass was broken, and the beautiful fifteenth-century cloister is in ruins. The magnificent series of stained-glass windows in the Portuguese Church are no more, and those of the Minerva have also disappeared. In short, it is estimated that it will take at least 40,000*l.* to restore the damage done in the various churches. There is but one consolation, and that is the hideous yellow window, with its absurd dove, intended to represent the Holy Ghost, and which Bernini designed, and which disfigured the choir of St. Peter's, was broken to fragments. Fortunately, the loss of life was trifling, but some two hundred persons have been seriously injured. Needless to say that the King and Queen behaved in the most kindly and energetic manner. For many hours his Majesty was to be seen covered with dust assisting in the dangerous task of rescuing the soldiers who were buried among the ruins of the Magazine; and the Queen spent a long time in the various hospitals, consoling the wounded and personally attending to their comfort. The heroic conduct of Captain Spaccamila, who risked his life several times in his endeavour to save several soldiers who were in an extremely dangerous position, has made a profound impression. The Pope has sent the gallant officer his blessing, and the King has visited the hospital where he lies severely wounded every day. It has been a terrible lesson for the Government, one which, it is to be hoped, will not have been taught in vain. We are staggered with feelings akin to terror at the bare thought of what might, it seems, have occurred had the vibratory motion been only a very little stronger. The immortal frescoes by Raphael in the Stanze and Loggie of the Vatican would have crumbled off the walls they have adorned for four hundred years; the Farnesina would have been minus its delightful series of gracious pictures illustrating in Raphael's best style the story of Cupid and Psyche, and the Aurora of Guido would have been a thing of the past. The noblest statues in the world might have been pulverized, and the grand ruins reduced to heaps of brick and cement. These treasures may be said to belong, not only to Italy, but to civilization, and therefore should be protected by every conceivable precaution. And that this will be the result of the dreadful catastrophe of last week every lover of art and antiquity must devoutly pray.

THE HOVERING VOLUNTEER.

WHEN the zeal of the clergy outruns their discretion in matters not wholly ecclesiastical, they are very apt to lose that sense of moral perspective the absence of which caused their predecessors in a former dispensation to be described on the highest authority as hypocrites. At the recent London Diocesan Conference Prebendary Eytton succeeded in carrying the following resolution:—"That this Conference desires to express its deep concern at the hindrances to the due observance of Good Friday which are involved in the existing arrangements for the Easter Volunteer Review; and that a Committee be appointed to consider the best means of approaching the military authorities on the subject." There would be nothing gained by our drawing attention to this resolution, were it not that the War Office, in matters of this kind, is known to be apt to attach more importance

to ecclesiastical agitation than to the efficiency of our defensive army. The resolution, of course (as such resolutions usually do), begs the question as to whether what it calls "the arrangements for the Easter Volunteer Review" do or do not hinder the due observance of Good Friday. And it is a noticeable fact that the only clergyman amongst the speakers who had any practical knowledge of the subject denied the desecration theory. A Mr. Williamson, indeed, said that "Good Friday should be rescued from being a public military holiday" (whatever that may mean). Would he prefer a public-house holiday?

The real point, however, to consider is not whether there is or is not any interference with attendance on the part of the Volunteers or the public at the Good Friday services, but whether the clergy are wise to interfere in this manner. If a clergyman has any strong feeling that military exercises should not be performed on Good Friday, plus or minus attendance in church, by all means let him express his opinion. But he must recollect that the Volunteers are not a party of schoolboys, who have to be put under set rules in these matters until their judgments are matured. No one is forced to forego any religious exercise against his will. And the existence of troops under arms to the number of some twenty thousand more than usual, and engaged, not in holiday-making, but in serious work, and even undergoing a certain amount of hardship for a patriotic cause, is much more likely to cause the "distracted young man" of Dean Gregory to "hover" away from the world than towards it, if indeed it can affect his hoverings at all.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

EVERY week—indeed almost every day—a curious kind of farce is enacted, generally in the suburbs, which we will call "A copyright performance." The most popular place for this class of entertainment is the commodious and courteously managed Ladbroke Hall, which is "licensed for dramatic performances," and is situated in the midst of that wilderness of brick and stucco, yeelpot Notting Hill. It is dear to the hearts of amateur historians, and stands to the aspiring dramatist in much the same light as Gretna Green did in days of yore to too ardent lovers. Here the budding Shakspeare or Sheridan can have played for a consideration the comedy of obtaining a "copyright register" from Stationers' Hall of his latest play, and thereby secure it from literary sharks and pirates—a rather expensive form of amusement. This is the manner of the playing of it. Having written the tragedy, comedy, farcical or historical piece, the author secures Ladbroke Hall for a certain afternoon or evening. He next sends a copy of his piece to the Licensor of Plays with the usual fee. Then at least four large printed "posters" must be ordered to be solemnly affixed to the outer doors of the hall, and not less than twenty-four printed programmes to be distributed among the audience. These preliminaries being duly observed, the next step is to seek the services of a score or so of friends, who agree to play at audience and actors. The first make a show of buying tickets, which are announced in the posters at prohibitive prices. The money paid—for it must be paid—is duly returned when all is over. The friends who pretend to be actors now ascend the stage, and the game begins in earnest. The play is read, or better galloped, through as fast as possible, amid no inconsiderable hilarity, especially if it be a tragedy. The curtain—in order to comply with the text of the law—is lowered at the end of each act. When the performance terminates, the dramatist sends a playbill, with his address, to Stationers' Hall, and in a day or so receives in return a printed form in red ink, which he is requested to fill up in black ink and return. On the back of this document he will find, among other sagacious statements, the following:—"Registration cannot be effected until after the date of the first representation or performance"—i.e. until after the egregious farce the particulars of which we have just related. Therefore, in order to possess a "copyright register"—for which the Government obtains a fee of only five shillings—the poor playwright has to pay no less than five, and often as much as fifteen, pounds, according to the length of his play. Could not all this be remedied, to the advantage even of the Government, by simply sending a type-written copy of the play, or a minute *scenario* of it, to Stationers' Hall, together with a fee? In the United States all that is necessary is to enclose the printed title of the piece to the Librarian of Congress at Washington for registration, and it is thereby rendered safe enough from the attacks of pirates until its public representation. This only costs eight shillings, or two dollars. Undoubtedly, our present method of registration is simply farcical, and ought to be remedied at once, for it is uselessly expensive.

The return of Mr. J. L. Toole, on Thursday week, to his theatre in King William Street is naturally an event for great rejoicing among his innumerable friends and admirers. Assuming the character of an explorer of new countries, Mr. Toole was in his best humour and humorous vein. His speech was immensely funny; and he described his adventures in Australia in his happiest manner, and was greeted by frantic applause and cheering from every part of the flower-decorated house. On this occasion all the ladies were presented with nosegays, and the boxes were hung with garlands of spring flowers. The performance consisted of *The Upper Crust* and *Hester's Mystery*, both of which are too well known to need further comment.

A new play by Messrs. Mark Ambient and Latimer is in active preparation at the Lyric, and will be produced next week, when, if it be successful, it will replace *La Cigale* in the evening programme.

Miss Norreys is studying the part of Nora in *The Doll's House*, and will make her first appearance in it at a matinée at the Criterion Theatre on June 2.

Mrs. Langtry's rather disastrous season at the Princess's Theatre has been brought to a close, and the lady will shortly appear at Drury Lane Theatre as Formosa, under the management of Mr. Augustus Harris.

On Thursday next Dion Boucicault's play, *The Streets of London*, will be produced at the Adelphi as a successor to *The English Rose*, whose career is now nearly over.

The subject of Messrs. F. C. Philips and Percy Fendall's new comedy, *Husband and Wife*, produced at the Criterion on Thursday, has been pretty well worn threadbare since the days of Socrates and Xantippe. Still nothing provokes greater merriment than the spectacle of a man being henpecked by a shrewish wife. Therefore, there is no reason why, if it only be acted a trifle more briskly, Messrs. Philips and Fendall's play should not eventually prove exceedingly successful. It is well written and funny, and contains one or two excellent "situations." Capably acted by Mr. Giddens, Miss Carlotta Addison, Mr. Blakeley, and Miss Laura Linden, the comedy provoked much laughter, and was well received.

THE WEATHER.

THE week has again been, all but absolutely, rainless, and it is not until the very end of it that the wind over the South-East of England has shifted to south-west, a quarter from which we may reasonably hope for rain. On Thursday, April 23, we had the normal conditions for east winds, the barometer highest, 30.4 inches, on the extreme north coast of Scotland, and lowest over the Bay of Biscay. By next day a decided depression advanced to the southern departments of France, and the much longed-for rain at last fell, several stations in France collecting over a quarter of an inch. Meanwhile, the northern anticyclone moved steadily south-eastwards, and on Saturday the barometrical readings all over the centre and north-west of the United Kingdom were about 30.2 inches. Sunday had the same tale to tell, but then a slight change began to show itself, the barometer falling steadily everywhere, and by Monday morning the conditions were materially modified. One depression showed itself off the Shetlands, while another appeared over the Bay of Biscay, so that the anticyclonic appearances had entirely vanished for the time. On Tuesday morning the first-named depression lay over the Orkneys, but was not accompanied by more than a very slight sprinkling of rain; while the southern system had advanced to France, bringing rain with it to the South coast. On Wednesday we find the first approach to our normal conditions of spring weather. The northern depression has passed off to the south of Sweden, and the barometer over Spain has risen; so that the general gradients are for south-westerly winds, as pressure in the North continues low; while rain, certainly in small quantities, is reported generally. We have for several days had symptoms of approaching change, for solar halos have been observed at several stations, and these usually presage disturbance of weather, if not storm. The temperature has at last begun to rise, and the thermometer in the South and East of England attained 60° on Monday and Tuesday. Cambridge has been the most favoured station, for the maxima reported there have been respectively 65° and 67°. The intelligence on Wednesday afternoon was that the barometer in the West of Ireland was going down rapidly with a strong southerly wind and rain, so that possibly the general break-up of the drought was at hand, but the map for 6 P.M. Wednesday evening, which appeared in Thursday's *Times*, showed that the disturbance indicated in the afternoon was not serious, and all that has hitherto come of it has been a few showers, which, however, have been very general over the country.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

IT would give us great pleasure to be able to say that the one hundred and twenty-third exhibition of the Royal Academy is a good one, and yet we never felt our knees so weak beneath us in the defence of British art as we feel this year, and that in spite of some pictures which are really of noble merit.

Honour is always due to the learned and accomplished President. He knows what there is to know, and he may be trusted to have given mature thought to any large composition. We are therefore bound to believe that in his treatment of the story of "Perseus and Andromeda" (147) there is a propriety which is not easily perceived. Andromeda is chained erect upon an islet, or rock, in a strait between red sandstone cliffs. The dragon so shrouds her with its body and one outstretched wing as positively to form a canopy over her, a sort of fantastic metallic shrine. The monster has risen out of the sea at her left hand, and was apparently preparing to coil round her laterally—in a mode impossible to a reptile—when Perseus shot it with the golden arrow

that quivers in its mail. Perseus, who might be confounded with Bellerophon, is seen in the sky, on a white horse with great yellow wings, a coil of sage-green drapery flying behind him. Andromeda, in her mane of bright red hair, bends forward, bowed with the positive weight of the dragon on her neck. The architectonics of the picture are ingenious and novel; the colour soft and glowing. But Sir Frederick Leighton has not succeeded in devising a dragon; this one is a Japanese contrivance of bronzed paper, with fireworks inside, and Perseus, with his arrow, has let them off; they come up through the dragon's mouth in a monstrous pother of flame, and by an unhappy twist of the creature we see that his body is absolutely empty and collapsible.

There is far more of the real skill of the President in "The Return of Persephone" (232). The slender girlish figure, in long draperies of palest yellow and lilac, is conducted by Hermes to the gate of Hell, where the first violets grow; and she stretches out her arms to the embrace of Demeter, who, in an orange robe, bends rapturously down to greet her from the outer world. The gestures of mother and daughter are eminently distinguished and natural, while great beauty of colour is added by the ruddy clouds floating in a clear blue sky outside the mouth of the cavern. The fault of this fine work is an excess of neatness; Hermes, in particular, with his waxen face and smart blue robe, is altogether too dainty for his part.

The finest mythological picture of the year, however, and one of the principal ornaments of the exhibition, is Mr. Waterhouse's "Ulysses and the Sirens" (475), in which imagination is most happily wedded to archaeology. According to the Greek authorities, the Sirens were three in number; but Mr. Waterhouse has taken the liberty of making them seven. He has availed the legend which described them as women above the waist, and birds below, and has represented them as entirely covered with feathers except the head. The blue-painted ship of Ulysses, worn and faded with voyage, with its yellow eye at the stern, ploughs through the radiant azure waters of Sicily, and is now passing between the shadowed cliffs of Cape Pelorus and those rocky islets, the Sirenuse or Sirenum Scopuli, on which the Sirens lived, these being out of our sight. The painter has made his Sirens like gigantic falcons or kestrels, with brown plumage barred with white, and yellow hooked feet. Ulysses, bearded, with a green skull-cap, stands bound to the mast, while one engaging Siren, with loose brown hair, attempts to win his attention. All are singing and flying, except one, who, with folded wings and tail, seated on the ship, whispers to a handsome rower in a red cap, who is manifestly moved by her addresses. He cannot, however, hear her perilous accents, for his ears, like those of all his fellows, are tightly swathed round with coloured bandages; and the speed of the vessel is not abated.

With an enchanting freshness, and an even joyousness of colour which is not marred by a single discordant note, Mr. Solomon has recast the old worn tale of the Three Goddesses on Ida Hill (988). Paris is out of sight; the golden apple lies on the spring greensward in the foreground; over the goddesses, by a pleasing allegory, there blooms a profusion of delicate apple-blossom, augury of endless contests of the same nature in the future. Aphrodite stands forward, unrobed, not in her awful but in her most winning guise, smiling, expectant, troubled by a slight and becoming anxiety. The other divinities stand one on each side, voluminously robed in draperies of pale orange and purple, while the green robes which Aphrodite has thrown off trail upon the ground. Mr. Solomon has never, to our mind, painted better than here. This large composition, so full of beauty, without exaggeration or coarseness of any kind, so learned in the flesh, so harmonious in colour, gives Mr. Solomon a higher position than he has yet enjoyed.

Mr. Alma Tadema, unless we are greatly mistaken, will find that he has scored a great popular success. His large classic group, with its felicitous line from Mr. Swinburne—

All the heaven of heavens in one little child—

(298), has the direct human interest which we have sometimes lately lacked in the artist's exquisitely finished compositions of Roman personages doing nothing particular, and doing it beautifully. His principal picture this year, which hangs in the corner of the Third Gallery, which has for so many years been dedicated to Mr. Alma Tadema, represents a young Roman mother with a garland of purple anemones in her rich auburn hair; she has hurriedly arrived in her baby's nursery, a splendid room with rosy marble floor and dainty furniture, and she throws herself with a gesture of complete happiness on the babe, who wakes, and begins to fling the anemones from the mother's hair upon the floor. The nude body and laughing face of the child—a miracle of wholesome infantile beauty—are painted with a skill which artists will be the first to applaud.

Mr. Burne Jones is the most prominent contributor this year to the New Gallery, and his two very large pictures dominate the West Room. Yet it is impossible to say that Mr. Burne Jones does himself full justice in them. He has, as we all know, three tonic moods—he is rosy-red, or golden-brown, or greenish-blue in his tones. Of these we have always liked the third least, and it is to the third that he is given up this year. In "Sponsa de Libano" (24), a large upright composition, the bride, in a dark indigo robe, passes between masses of lilies in a mystic garden; the top of the canvas is completely filled by the north and south winds, which are represented as maidens wrapped in voluminous raiment of steel-blue and sap-green, which extends

behind them in rolls and whorls of decorative drapery; very "stiff" winds they are. The colour of this work is uniform and melancholy. But a still less fortunate key of vitreous green is the predominant one in "The Star of Bethlehem" (63), an immense water-colour drawing, containing seven life-sized figures, which has been painted for the Corporation of Birmingham. Here it appears to us that, though there are manifest evidences of Mr. Burne Jones's genius, and of its decorative side in particular, yet that the limitations of his knowledge and his taste are still more obvious, and that this is far from being one of the most pleasing of his productions. The dresses, especially that of the Negro King, are highly and exquisitely ornamented, and the details of jewel and vessel have great beauty. But, on the whole, the composition is dolorous and unexhilarating, exhibiting no vision in the painter and little enthusiasm for his subject.

The *naïveté* of Mr. G. F. Watts are sometimes very amusing. He is a great artist, and so was the late Mr. Wordsworth; but neither could be trusted in the field of humour. Beyond question Mr. Watts intends his "Nixie's Foundling" (9) to be entertaining; and so it is in a melancholy way. The Nixie is a pert little *gamine*, with nothing on, floating in a dim vitreous inane, nursing a pink seaweed rosary in her hands, and rolling a lustrous and protuberant blue eye around to see what mischief she can do. The shadowy sentiment of Mr. Watts is oddly contrasted with Mr. Poynter's common sense. The "Knucklebones" (11) of the latter is also a study of the nude, and it hangs beside Mr. Watts's "Nixie," but seems to belong to a different planet. In Mr. Poynter's small and highly-finished composition three women are amusing themselves in the hot shadow of a Greek house, from which we look across a strip of blue sea to the pale crags of a romantic island. The three nude figures have a somewhat set and academic air, but are faithfully studied.

A feature of this year's exhibition at the New Gallery is the number of pictures which deal with the habits of primitive man. Mr. Arthur Lemon has produced a very telling work in "The Lost Comrade" (87). Two wild men on horseback find the naked corpse of their friend lying among the rocks; they signal to the rest of the tribe, who are riding behind them. This is very vivid and rich in colour, soundly painted with a great deal of bravura. Much more archaic than this, and a very curious work cruelly skied, is Mr. Matthew Hale's "Married by Capture" (49). A man is galloping off with a woman thrown, like a wounded animal, across his horse; he is pursued by two gaunt men, one of whom, in despair, lifts a lance to hurl at him. All around stretches a rude and sombre landscape, with the blue mist hanging in the hollow where the stream widens into a morass. The painting is not carried far enough, and in particular the figure of the captured woman is scarcely intelligible, but it is a strong conception. Mr. Charles Furse has painted, somewhat slightly in the impressionist manner, "Flight" (202), a naked Indian speeding by on a white horse in a waste which the setting sun feebly illuminates. In the same group may be mentioned Mr. Heywood Hardy's "Tam O'Shanter" (255), romantically but not at all grimly treated.

The one hundred and thirteenth exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours is decidedly above the average. The place of honour is given to Sir John Gilbert's large drawing called "The Knight Errant" (65). The Knight, in dark armour, with a bright yellow helmet, sits on the bank of a stream, while his black charger drinks. Behind him rises a gloomy landscape to a stormy sky. This picture has the President's conventional character, and hardly suggests nature, but is impressive and poetic. A new Associate, Mr. Lawrence Bulleid, makes a distinct mark by a number of carefully finished drawings of Roman life. Mr. Frederick Shields paints the head of an austere old woman (154) in his usual dry manner. Mr. Albert Goodwin, who is particularly happy this year, scatters his Arabian "Explorers of the Island of the Sounding Cymbals" (114), in their brilliant scarlet and white robes, over the rocks of a wild sea coast that is like the Lizard. Mr. J. H. Henshall quotes a sonnet from Spenser (175) in illustration of his fine but somewhat enigmatical drawing of a morbid-looking, handsome woman, voluminously draped in purple, grey, and blue, gazing forth at the spectator. We can give but partial praise to Mr. Brewtnall's ambitious "Red Fisherman" (203) and "Christian and Evangelist" (60); these are interesting literary exercises, but not very striking paintings.

Among the landscapes it is difficult to know how to choose, so many are good. The most original drawings of the kind are those of Mr. Albert Goodwin and Mr. Arthur Melville. The former paints "Lucerne and the Righi" (111) with a fascinating originality, looking down on the lake from a great height. Very ingenious and beautiful is his "Springhead, Wells" (12), with the cathedral not seen, except reflected in the glassy water; his "Lincoln" (201) is also excellent. Mr. Melville has painted "The Procession of Corpus Christi, Toledo" (184), with extraordinary audacity. We are looking up the street, over which awnings are drawn; the white houses are ablaze with crimson and yellow hangings, the roadway is full of priests' robes, and flowers and candles. Mr. North is a veteran of the Old Society, whose work is specially remarkable this year. His "Little Lowly Hermitage" (23) is a very fine study of the rivulet and underwood scenery of the West of England; no locality is mentioned, but we will stake our reputation on it that this was painted in Devonshire or West Somerset. "Gleaners" (67), high rolling fields, with the sea in the distance, is still more

original. Mr. Herbert Marshall, always true to London, paints Westminster in "January 1891" (63), with snow on the ground and a red-gold sky behind the towers. Miss Clara Montalba is not painting in quite a happy manner; in "Afterglow, Venice" (5), she secures a delicate amber tone, but at the cost of woolliness; the most interesting of her many contributions this year is "Monte Berico, Vicenza" (193), a very pretty study in dim green and yellow, like the background of some old Italian altarpiece.

The work of Mr. Henry Wallis is always possessed of style, but his "Etna" (135), seen from and over the ruins of the Temple of Taormino, is not the happiest of his paintings; it has a garish tone of orange. Mr. Clarence White has rendered some striking effects of snow on high Welsh mountains. A very refined and graceful landscape is Mr. Matthew Hale's sweep of the "Lake of Como" (41), with its groves of soft grey olive and the black pinnacles of its isolated cypresses. Mr. Alfred Hunt, sacrificing almost too much to delicacy, paints with faultless unimpressiveness, "Saltwick Bay" (112) and "Sonning Bridge" (202). A good study of a blue English bay, with a boat in the foreground and a stalwart red-bearded fisherman rowing, is Mr. Hemy's "Soft South Wind" (164). Mr. Poynter, whose landscapes never fail of a classic grace, exhibits "Under the South Downs" (205). Mr. C. E. Fripp, whose Japanese drawings we have lately criticized, contributes a brilliant "Street Scene in Hong Kong" (233), which errs only in a little hardness of drawing. We must draw attention summarily to three heads of macaws and cockatoos (219, 226, 227), by Mr. Marks; to "The Sick Duckling" (209), by Mr. Allingham; to a careful study of "A Boy with a Basket of Flowers" (215), by the Princess Louise; to Mr. Collingwood's "Siena" (92); to "The Pet Gull" (28) by Mr. A. D. Fripp; and to Mr. Parker's sunny composition called "Poppies" (15).

REVIEWS.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.*

MR. CHARLES STUART PARKER truly describes himself as the editor, not the author, of the volume before us, which has been prepared in substitution for the Life which Mr. Goldwin Smith had undertaken, but the composition of which he abandoned on his removal from England to America. The exchange has cost us a brilliant political portraiture, in which probably there would have been as much of the painter as of the sitter. But serious students of the history of the first quarter of the nineteenth century will find a gain to balance the loss in the direct access given to them to the original sources of the biography. Mr. Parker has done his work modestly as well as efficiently. He has confined himself to interspersed narrative and comment full enough to explain the incidents and political situations to which the letters refer, but not so ample or minute as to overload them, and to merge biography into history.

The second Sir Robert Peel was born in Chamber Hall, near Bury, in 1788, and received his "rudiments" at the hands of clergymen in that town and in Tamworth. The Rev. Francis Blick's pride in his pupil's success inspired him with the couplet—

Robert Peel and Robert Brown
Are all the hope of Tamworth town.

At the age of thirteen Peel was sent to Harrow, where he had Byron for a contemporary, as a well-known passage in one of the poet's letters records. He early showed his scholarship and power of declamation. He was never in scrapes, and he always knew his lesson. As was the case with Canning at Eton, he took but little share in the sports of the school, though there was nothing of the milkop in him, and he had not Canning's aversion for, and incapacity of, violent physical exercise. He was a capital shot, and passionately fond of shooting. "How Peel would delight in this covert," says one of Mr. Disraeli's Dukes. At Harrow he used to steal away with a friend and a gun when he was supposed to be at his books; and his aim was as good with a stone as with the more legitimate weapon. In his last year at Harrow, he so far overcame his dislike of violent sports, from which his almost morbid sensitiveness to pain perhaps deterred him, as to become by strength and pluck one of the best football players in the school. In 1805 Robert Peel, being then in his eighteenth year, went to Oxford, entering Christ Church, which, under the twenty-six-years headship of its celebrated Dean—the Bahopric-declining Cyril Jackson, the President Herbert of Ward's novel *De Vere*—had become a sort of nursery of statesmen. Robert Peel came to Oxford just in time enough to fall under the authority and influence of Jackson, who resigned his office in 1809, withdrawing to the seclusion of a Sussex rectory, at the time when Peel, just of age, entered

* *Sir Robert Peel; in Early Life, 1788-1812; as Irish Secretary, 1812-1818; and as Secretary of State, 1822-1827. From his Private Correspondence.* Published by the Trustees of his Papers, Viscount Hardinge, and the Right Hon. Arthur Wellesley Peel, Speaker of the House of Commons. Edited by Charles Stuart Parker, M.P., late Fellow of University College, Oxford. With a Portrait. London: John Murray, 1891.

Parliament. The Dean recognized that in Peel Harrow had sent them at least one good scholar; and Peel stood so well with him that, when some undergraduates had fallen into disgrace, Peel alone was thought capable of appeasing him. He watched Peel's career from his retirement, and on his first speech wrote him a letter of congratulation and advice which a later Prime Minister and orator, also a Christ Church man, has acted on:—"Now, remember what I say. Give the last high finish to all that you possess by the continual reading of Homer. Let no day pass without having him in your hands." It cannot be said that the traces of Homer are visible in his Parliamentary eloquence, the euphuism of which was foreshadowed in his translation of the word *Suave*, in the verses of Lucretius—*Suave mari magno*, &c.—by "It is a source of gratification." Later in life, when some experience of Parliament had taught him what was the style of thinking and speaking which best suited the House of Commons, or the discipline most needed by his own mind, or both, he wrote to his old tutor, Dr. Lloyd, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, asking him to name what he thought "the best specimen, not exactly of reasoning, but of that part of reasoning which is occupied in confutation of your adversary's arguments." He has been studying Locke and Chillingworth and Warburton, but they do not completely satisfy him. He does not want information. "What I want is subtle reasoning in reply. I care not if the book is on alchemy. There is not half reasoning enough in politics—not half," though Burke's speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts is good.

This was written after Peel's retirement from the Irish Office, the laborious administrative duties of which had left him little leisure to cultivate the logic of Parliamentary debate as a fine art. He went to Ireland as Chief Secretary under the Lord-Lieutenancy of the Duke of Richmond in 1812, and held the office during the whole of the Parliament which was elected in 1812, and was dissolved in 1818. The letters of Peel conclusively disprove the idea to which Guizot has given currency, that in his early days he had a tendency to Whiggism. The escape of Bonaparte from Elba, the renewal of hostilities, and the restoration of the Bourbons, evoke from him expressions of feeling in favour of the war and against popular concessions, which show that in European politics his was the Toryism of Liverpool and Castlereagh rather than of Wellesley and Canning. As regards Ireland, Peel being in the country, and responsible for it, saw even more strongly than Liverpool and Castlereagh, whose acquiescence he had some difficulty in gaining, the necessity of meeting lawless outrage by strong measures of legal repression. He was essentially a Coercionist Minister. In bringing in a Bill to enable the Lord-Lieutenant to proclaim disturbed districts, "I declared my intention," he writes to Lord Whitworth, who had succeeded the Duke of Richmond as Viceroy, "of proposing it to be a permanent law of Ireland, which is a very great object." To Mr. Gregory, the Under-Secretary:—"I said the Bill was not meant to meet any temporary emergency, but was rendered necessary by the past state of Ireland, for the last fifty years, and by the probable state of it for the next five hundred." What are Lord Salisbury's twenty years of vigorous government to this? It has been left to the statesman who still considers himself the representative of the principles of Peel to denounce permanent legislation against permanent lawlessness as tyranny. It is curious, too, to note that, while Pitt has been censured for distributing political honours in order to promote the Union—there have been Dis-unionist peers and baronets since Pitt's time, but the cause alters the character of transactions—Peel had no scruple in making use of the same instrumentality. Mr. Parker distinctly admits that the successful result of the Irish elections of 1818 was due to the single eye to political objects with which Peel had used his patronage. He is candid enough to give several instances of what would now be considered corruption; and adds that, "in some cases, the payment for support was undisguised," though "as a rule, Mr. Peel refused to enter into bargains." Is the "blackguardism" of Mr. Peel to be denounced in conjunction with the blackguardism of Mr. Pitt? Another curious parallelism to some strange politico-religious alliances of our time is to be found in the understanding between O'Connell, the Roman Catholic, and Cobbett, the importer of the bones of Tom Paine, though, indeed, the two men quarrelled afterwards and vituperated each other as only they could.

In 1818 Peel, who had shown what six years of just and firm government could do for the restoration of order in Ireland, resigned the Chief Secretaryship and retired for a time from official life. His motive in doing so has never been thoroughly explained. His letters tell us nothing more than that he was carrying out a long-formed intention and that he wanted rest. But why had he formed the intention? Older colleagues, physically less vigorous, had borne and continued to bear longer terms of office as laborious without repining. A young man of genius and ambition does not lightly break official ties, which are seldom sundered without giving offence, and which it is easier to snap than to re-knit. No attempt appears to have been made to retain Peel in the Government by offering him Cabinet office. The probability is that Peel was not disposed to remain longer in what was then a subordinate position. He had won a great administrative reputation. But with the instinct which, developed by cultivation and practice, afterwards made him "the greatest member of Parliament that ever lived," he probably

perceived that the road to power lay through Parliamentary eminence, with which absorption in administrative labours interfered. He had become member for the University of Oxford, the most coveted of distinctions to Oxford men, and one which gave him a position in the House independent of Ministerial rank. As Chairman of the Bullion Committee, the conclusions of which were afterwards embodied in the measure known as Peel's Act, he had displayed a marvellous power of mastering and disentangling the complications of an intricate subject. Here he first showed that capacity for dealing with fiscal questions which gave him the powerful hold upon that middle-class Toryism—the *Toryisme bourgeois*, as M. Guizot has it, in which much of his strength lay. The candour with which he admitted that the opinions with which he had entered the Committee had been reversed by the facts and reasonings which became known to him in the course of the inquiry was an additional ground of confidence. Lord Liverpool, who apparently had let him go in 1818 without remonstrance, presently became anxious to have him in the Cabinet. On Mr. Canning's resigning the Presidency of the Board of Control in 1820, that office was offered to Peel, but declined by him; and a similar proposal was met with a similar refusal in the following year. He made the usual excuses—alleging ill-health. Lord Liverpool evidently did not believe in the excuse, expressing some resentment at the idea that Mr. Peel's consequence could have been impaired by accepting an office which had been filled by Lord Melville, Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Canning among others. Between June, 1821, when the proposal was for a second time declined, and November in the same year, when the Secretaryship of State for the Home Department was offered to Mr. Peel, his health had so much improved that he was able to take what was then, perhaps, both as regards administration and in regard to Parliamentary work, the most exacting and laborious office in the Government.

His first official act was to solicit the appointment of his brother William as his Under-Secretary, an arrangement which was not found practicable. "There is nothing," Peel wrote to Mr. Goulburn in 1826, "half so disgusting as the personal monopoly of honours and offices by those to whom the distribution of them is entrusted." Peel, however, did not push this honourable feeling into a squeamish prudery. The year before he had addressed a three-barrelled application to Lord Liverpool asking for official promotion for his brother-in-law Dawson, an Under-Secretaryship of State for his brother William, and "preferment in the Church for my brother, the Rev. John Peel." Clearly Mr. Peel, though one of his clerical correspondents playfully bantered him as a heretic, was not open to the reproach of being worse than an infidel, as neglecting to provide for those of his own house. Mr. Peel was Home Secretary for more than five years (1822–1827), a period not perhaps equalled before or since for efficiency in domestic administration and useful legislative achievements. On Lord Liverpool's death he refused to take office under Canning as a pro-Catholic Premier, though he was willing to serve with him under a "Protestant" peer. As an opponent of Catholic Emancipation he thought the former arrangement would advance a measure which he deemed mischievous, and was resolved to resist. There is no reason to think that either Peel or the Duke of Wellington was animated by motives of jealousy or ambition in the line which they took, though Wellington's dislike and distrust of Canning were notorious and un concealed. Yet several months before, Peel had contemplated the possibility of having to yield on the Catholic question, for on November 6, 1826, he wrote to Mr. Leslie Forster:—"When I see it"—Catholic Emancipation—"inevitable I shall (taking due care to free my motives from all aspersion) try to make the best terms for the future security of the Protestant" (*sic*). It would, therefore, appear that, as early as the year 1826, Mr. Peel had a foreboding that he might have to acquiesce in a measure of Catholic Relief, or even—for his words admit of that interpretation—propose it as a Minister. This letter helps to clear up one of the smaller puzzles of history. In 1829 Sir Edward Knatchbull referred, in the debate of Tuesday, March 17, in the House of Commons to a speech in which Mr. Peel had declared that in 1825 he began to have doubts about the possibility of maintaining Roman Catholic Disabilities. The *Edinburgh Review* for March 1829 spoke of "communications long and mysteriously concealed," and said that it was not 1829 which Mr. Peel had to explain, "but the inward change of 1825." We do not see that the facts in any way impugn Mr. Peel's personal honour and good faith in his negotiations with Mr. Canning. He had for some time thought that Catholic Emancipation might come; but he was resolved to resist it as long as he could. He would be aiding it if he joined Mr. Canning's Administration, from which, therefore, he resolved to stand aloof. It is at this point that the correspondence closes. Mr. Peel's justification of his conduct in himself proposing, in 1829, the measure of relief which two years before he had denounced, is to be found in his memoir on the subject, published in 1836, under the editorship of the late Lord Stanhope and the late Lord Cardwell. Further light will probably be thrown upon it in the remaining instalments of his private correspondence which we are promised.

NOVELS.*

MR. MAARTEN MAARTENS'S story, *An Old Maid's Love*, is not a translation from the Dutch, as most people concluded his former work, *The Sin of Joost Avelingh*, was. It is a Dutch tale told in English, and very good English too, on the whole, though here and there the misapplication, or, rather, mistaken apprehension of the precise application of a word betrays, not unpleasantly, the writer writing a language not his own. The story is as Dutch as a modern Dutch picture of a Dutch interior. Cool shadows, fine touches, smooth surfaces, clear outlines, subdued meanings; amongst these sits Suzanna Varelkamp, the old maid, exactly as you may see in a Dutch picture an old lady in a prim room knitting a stocking and looking as if she and dust had never known each other. The reader, following the story which opens with tranquil ease and develops into tragic issues, feels very much as if, walking in the trimmed, polished streets of Broek, and painfully conscious of dusty boots, which the inhabitants will resent and follow to remove their traces, he were told of intrigue and horrors existing in the doll cottages shining in the cool Dutch sunlight. Where such small anxieties for cleanliness exist there seems no room for stormy passions. And we are not sure that, cleverly as Mr. Maartens writes, ingeniously as he analyses, and painstaking as is his description, the reader is not teased by the contrast between the pettiness of the surroundings, the excessive narrowness of the limit, and the emotions desired to be expressed. The book is one of those which need reading a second time, and one of the very few recent novels which are worth it. Suzanna's theory of marriage must be explained before we see how it influences her life and dominates her treatment of her nephew. It is a theory few will accept, at least applied to the world to-day. The obstinate persistence in it leads a woman, above all things righteous and honest, to the brink of murder. It must not be supposed, because of these hints of the drift of the story, that it is a gloomy one. Mr. Maartens's humour, like his art, as a whole, is Dutch; but it is undeniable. The visit Suzanna makes to Paris to induce the Vicomte de Mongelas to divorce his wife is an episode of genuine comedy. The antics of "Mevrouw" Barselius are broader farce, more of the "Interior of a Beer-house" type. The story is subtle, and at times a little obscure, but fresh, vivid, original, and thoroughly interesting.

There and Back is like most of Dr. George MacDonald's work, serious and thoughtful; and it is also what all his work is not, entertaining. There are people, themselves religious, to whom Dr. MacDonald's way of expressing religious feeling is altogether unacceptable, and who think the manner in which some of his characters, his own favourites, talk religion over simply unpleasant. Such, however, are by this time fully aware of what they will find in his novels, and need no warning off. *There and Back* has the excellent motive which is found in other books by the same hand of showing forth the dignity and honour of work. It has, too, and this also is a favoured method, the moral more desirable than common, that honest work will bring about riches and titles even in this miserable world down here. The hero begins very low in the social scale; circumstances "pitch his behaviour low," as Herbert has it, but he keeps his projects high; "so shalt thou humble and magnanimous be," and so he is. But the author is pretty sure to have a baronetcy or a marquise, or at least a very big fortune, hidden quietly about somewhere, and the hero reigns over all his enemies before he has done with them. He is truly religious, and makes the best of both worlds, which, in spite of the unjust treatment the axiom has received, is precisely what every one ought to endeavour to do. In the present case not the least gain to Mr. Richard Tuke by the metamorphose of his life was the change in his name. Sir Richard Lestrangle sounds better than Richard Tuke, and pride of rank is kept down by the system pursued through the book of writing of the baronet and his wife as "sir" and "lady." Richard was a book-binder and repairer of dilapidated volumes—surely a most delightful trade—while in the Tuke stage, and by strange fate is engaged to mend the library which really belongs to himself. The story of his life is told with animation, which increases as it goes on, the earlier part being somewhat too descriptive. Several remarkable and original people are introduced, notably a lady who lies on a couch in her pew in church and reads a French novel openly and in the eyes of congregation and minister. The scene in which the Reverend Mr. Wingfold rebukes her and she "hits back" can hardly have been paralleled since the days of Queen Elizabeth. The story is unequal, but very readable.

Bell Barry is an Irish story, of which its shamrock-wreathed cover gives token, and Mr. Richard Ashe King, its author, makes strenuous and commendable efforts to keep it up to the level, real or traditional, of Irish humour. There is certainly plenty of brogue, but brogue needs a basis of wit, humour, fun, or something of the kind to keep it from simple vulgarity, and Tim Daly,

who is cast for the part of comic servant, is but a dry dog. Mr. Barry, father of Bell, is a fearful bore. The author means him to be, and repeatedly tells us he is a bore, but we need no reminding. His long extracts from temperance tracts, his tedious articles cut out of newspapers on the horrors of drink, his rapid and pointless speeches are quite as fatiguing as they would be in real life, and less pardonable because they are inflicted on us with deliberation and malice prepense. Edith Barry, sister of Bell, is a spiteful prude, who sheds a very miasma of disagreeableness round her every appearance. Stewart Rivers, lover of Bell, is a feeble person, with a singularly bad, though undeserved, reputation, who gets himself and the young lady carried off in the American packet *Acadia* by accident in a muddling sort of way, much to the damage of Bell's good name. Dick Finch, *soupirant* of Bell, is a foolish vulgar fellow who interviews people and sends gossip to the newspapers. Rests only of all this doleful company, Bell Barry herself, and she is really a nice girl, though she flirts abominably with Mr. Rivers, a man she knows nothing about. Beside the incident on the steamer, there is a brutal murder, and a sensational description of an intoxicated lady at a London dinner-party, so those who like that sort of thing may thank us for mentioning them. The complexities of the binding of the copy we have seen, which is very erratic, leave us in ignorance of the absolute close of the story; but we are not "wishful," like the excellent slavey in *Lady Bountiful*, to be considered as complaining of that.

It is distressing to have to say that Mr. Hugh Maccoll's novel, *Ednor Whitlock*, is meritorious, but it is the one word which presents itself. "Elle a toutes les vertus et elle est insupportable." The analogy is not absolute. The novel has not all the merits. But it has admirable intentions, a great deal of earnest reasoning in favour of orthodox religious views, and quite a number of little French phrases faithfully followed by translations, in brackets. Ednor Whitlock is an excellently brought up and pious youth of eighteen, going to be a clergyman, and eminently suited for the position. He strolls accidentally into a reading-room, and peruses a paper in the *Westminster Review* on the evidences of Christianity. It is a terrible case of "snuffed out by an article." Ednor departs an Agnostic, which is flattering to the argumentative power of the *Westminster Reviewer*, if not to the strength of mind of Ednor. His disbelief does not, however, stand long, and is dissipated by some remarks on evolution, contributed by a clergyman in the novel, but taken from an article of Mr. Maccoll's own writing in a quarterly magazine, as we are informed in a footnote. By the time this happens Ednor has become involved in such a crowd of young ladies and gentlemen of all nationalities, there are so many Adas and Ediths and Lauras and Amys, Mademoiselles and Fräuleins, that his interests, religious and other, are swallowed up, and we find ourselves in quite another story about quite other people. The author himself seems to become a little mixed, and has to deal summarily with his puppets on the last page.

Mr. Ralph Anderson, the hero of Mr. E. F. Knight's novel, *Save Me from My Friends*, was a most unfortunate young man. Early in life, before he had left the University, he met an Indian. The Indian made some remarks on theosophy, described, in short, to use the author's words, "a hodge-podge of ancient philosophies and religions and modern sciences," which had the effect of diverting the mind of Mr. Anderson from preparation for the Moral Science Tripos to the study of Eastern mysteries, and led eventually to the destruction of his happiness and his life. Then his friends were, indeed, of a kind from which one should pray to be saved. They cheated Mr. Anderson, and had him shut up in a debtors' prison, and by evil practices caused him to suffer social disgrace. They drank enormously and persistently. No one-volume novel we remember has such a record of every sort of alcoholic consumption on nearly every page. They wanted to fight in the streets when drunk, and laid the blame on him. The young lady he loves deserted him. The publishers would not accept his great work on transcendental philosophy, and said it was "incomprehensible," and "would suit no public." Mr. Anderson's life would have been insupportable but for his yacht, in which he is completely at home, and in which he cruises alone, thereby getting for a time away from his objectionable friends. It is in the little vessel that at last he seeks permanent salvation from them, the "Grey Phantom of Doubt," and rest for himself. Mr. Knight has a lively style, great power of social delineation, and is master of seascape. The cruises in the clipping little *Kittiwake* are quite the best things in the book.

CALPURNIUS SICULUS IN ENGLISH VERSE.*

"WE may still peruse with pleasure and contempt"—so the ungrateful Gibbon remarks in his twelfth chapter—"an eclogue which was composed on the accession of the Emperor Carus. Two shepherds"—he goes on—"avoiding the noontide heat, retire into the cave of Faunus. On a spreading beech they discover some recent characters. The rural deity had described, in prophetic verses, the felicity promised to the empire of so great a prince. Faunus hails the approach of that hero, who, receiving on his shoulders the sinking weight of the Roman world, shall

* *An Old Maid's Love*. By Maarten Maartens. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1891.

There and Back. By George MacDonald. 3 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1891.

Bell Barry. By Richard Ashe King. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.

Ednor Whitlock. By Hugh Maccoll. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.

Save Me from My Friends. By E. F. Knight. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1891.

* *The Eclogues of Calpurnius rendered into English Verse*. By Edward J. L. Scott, M.A., Oxon., Keeper of MSS. and Egerton Librarian, British Museum. London: George Bell & Sons.

extinguish war and faction, and once again restore the innocence and security of the golden age." Well, let us turn to this pleasantly contemptible, or contemptibly pleasant, eclogue, this more or less contemporary authority which Gibbon used and abused. Here is the text of Calpurnius (i. 84-88):—

Scilicet ipse deus Romanæ pondera molis
Fortibus excipiet sic inconcussa lacertis,
Ut neque translatis sonitu fragor intonet orbis,
Nec prius ex meritis defunctos Roma penates
Censeat, occasus nisi quum respexerit ortus.

The lines have been rendered into English by Mr. Scott as follows:—

Doubt not our Prince himself the weight
So massive of the Roman State
Shall take up with a God-like grace
So firmly in his strong embrace,
As neither shall the crash be heard

Of ruin from the power transferred,
Nor judged upon their merits past
Shall the dead rulers e'er be classed
By virtue of the State's decrees
'Mid Rome's protecting deities,
Until the rising Prince's name
Illume the dead's fast waning flame.

This is a fair, not an extreme, instance of the verbosity which spoils Mr. Scott's version of a poet hardly strong enough to stand water. Mr. Scott gives us many happy phrases (i.e. "swooning summer," for *declivis aestas*), and many neat turns of short passages, as, e.g., at iv. 50-53:—

But if no more aspiring lay
Shall chance to steal your ears away,
Nor verse that falls from other lips

Your pleasure in my song eclipse.
That verse (why not?) this day I writ,
Your critic file shall polish it.

Sed nisi forte tuas melior sonus avocet aures,
Et nostris aliena magis tibi carmina rident,
Vis, hodierna tua subigatur pagina lima?

And if we were to count the lines which Mr. Scott has translated well, and set them against those which he has translated ill, he would have a pretty balance on the right side of his account. But he has a provoking trick of breaking down just when he had seemed to be going on quite smoothly. In the Fourth Eclogue we come on these rather commonplace, but up to the end quite tolerable, verses:—

O Melibœus, think but how
My verse's unimpassioned flow
Would sound at last a loftier
chime,
If on these mountains any time
Some homestead I might call my
own,

Or a small pasture ground be
shown
Belonging by good hap to me;
But whispered carping Poverty
Too often, twitching at my ear,
"Sheepfolds—thy one sole care is
here."

There is nothing in the text to excuse the surprising final collapse:—

Vellit nam sæpius aurem
Invida paupertas et dixit: Ovilis cura.

Mr. Scott has been so anxious not to leave any word or suggestion untranslated that he misrenders, and sometimes destroys, the general effect. On the other hand, we may search this volume through and fail to find any mistake of interpretation, and the metrical translation is generally close enough to serve as a crib. That is to say that Mr. Scott has the merits of his faults. And, as Calpurnius has fallen into an oblivion not quite undeserved, we can hardly complain that his first English translator has sinned from too conscientious an adherence to the word and letter of the text. The eclogues have been done into French by several hands, and (we believe) into German. But Mr. Scott has at once the advantage and disadvantage of being without a predecessor; the advantage, because one of the difficulties in translating Horace or Virgil is that you are likely to find that your nearest turns have been anticipated; the disadvantage because there is nobody's example to copy—or avoid. Let us give a short quotation from the Seventh Eclogue, the basis of one of Gibbon's most gorgeous passages. A countryman has been visiting Rome, and returns to give an account of the wonders which he witnessed at the games given by Carinus, surpassing the triumphal pomp of Probus or Aurelian and the secular games of the Emperor Philip. "While the populace gazed with stupid wonder on the splendid show" (Gibbon writes), "the naturalist might observe the figure and properties of so many different species transported from every part of the ancient world into the amphitheatre of Rome."

Hares with white furry snow
adorned,
And boars unnaturally horned,
And that strange elk, a creature
rare,
E'en in the woods that make its
lair.
Bulls too, I saw, of either shape,
Or those upon whose heightened
nape
From shoulder-blades protruding
grows
Upwards a shapeless hump, or
those
Over whose necks are wildly tossed
Their shaggy manes, their chins
are mossed

With rugged beards, their dewlaps
wear
A heavy mass of bristling hair.
Nor was it my good hap alone
To see each uncouth monster known
To the wild woodland. Sea-calves
I
With bears in conflict might
descrie,
And those unsightly brutes that
claim
To borrow from the horse their
mane,
Bred by the stream whose rising
spate
The springing crops doth irrigate.

Two things are suggested by this passage; one, that this is not the metre to translate Latin hexameters into, and that Mr. Scott is not master of such power as it possesses; the other, that Gibbon treats Calpurnius as a trustworthy authority, though he is not sparing of sneers against him. He accepts, as not requiring to be confirmed, the statement of the poet "that the nets designed as a defence against the wild beasts were of gold wire; that the

porticos were gilded; and that the belt or circle which divided the spectators from each other was studded with a precious mosaic of beautiful stones."

Baltens en gemmis, en illita porticus auro
Certatim radiant; nec non, ubi finis aræne
Proxima marmoreo præbet spectacula muro,
Sternitur adjunctis ebur admirabile trunels,
Et coit in rotulum, tereñt qui lubricus aræ
Impositos subita vertigine falleret ungues,
Excuteretque feras. Auro quoque torta refulgent
Retia, quæ totis in arenam dentibus exstant,
Dentibus aequatis; et erat, mihi crede, Lycota,
Si qua fides, nostro dens longior omnis aratro.

But Gibbon puts less trust in his poet's complimentary account of the Emperor's personal appearance ("in uno Et Martisvultus et Apollinis esse putavi!"), and adds in his caustic way that "John Malala, who had, perhaps, seen pictures of Carinus, describes him as thick, short, and white."

It is to be regretted that Mr. Scott, who has spent much labour on, and seems to feel some liking for, one of the least read and most depreciated of the Minor Latin Poets, has contented himself with giving us in the present volume a text and translation. A biography of the poet we do not ask for, since nothing is known about him with any reasonable approach to certainty. Even his date has been matter of doubt and dispute not likely to be removed or settled. And Haupt has shown some reason for advancing him from the date usually assigned to him (and accepted by Gibbon) to the time of Nero. Yet the writings of Calpurnius have been the subject of much learned discussion. At one time he was credited not only with the seven eclogues, here translated by Mr. Scott, but with four others now attributed to Nemesianus. A division of authorship was made in the sixth Parmese edition, published in 1500, and this was unchallenged till Janus Ulitius (1645) restored the four doubtful eclogues to Calpurnius, and was followed by Burmann (1731) and Wernsdorf (1781). One of the strongest arguments, but not by any means a strong one, was that Nemesianus is never mentioned as a pastoral writer by Vopiscus. The other argument was that the style in the two sets of eclogues was so alike as to be a proof of identity, "ut lac lacti similimus." The latter view has been finally upset by Haupt, and Mr. Scott has very properly excluded from his Calpurnius the poems of Nemesianus. But he has done it as silently as if it were a matter that need not be discussed at this time of day. There he is right, perhaps; but certainly he is not right in abstaining from any comment on the text. There are many points not clear, and many others which would be unintelligible to a reader not armed with some little study of the subject. To take one obvious case at 4. 64, Melibœus says to Corydon, "Magna petis, Corydon, si Tityrus esse laboras." Mr. Scott knows, of course, that Tityrus stands here for Virgil. But why not say so, and give point to what is otherwise meaningless? Again, we should have been glad if Mr. Scott had given us some critical estimate of the writer whom he has introduced to English readers. Does he agree with the general contempt which is expressed for these pastorals? Does he think (with Melibœus quoted above) that it would be, indeed, a large order if Calpurnius were to set up as a Virgil? Would it have been worth Mr. Scott's while to translate these later imitations of a second-hand original if the distance between the two had seemed to him immeasurable? There was room for an "appreciation" of Calpurnius, and we could understand an enthusiastic editor quoting several passages as good examples of the rhetorical style. Again, each of the eclogues should have been prefaced with a few explanatory words, even the unfortunate Third, which has been described as "merum rus idque inficetum." Here is a passage from the Second, of which it may be said that, for those who like that sort of thing, this is the sort of thing that they would like. The charms of Maid Crotale (or Crocale?) are to be celebrated by two shepherd lovers; each has made his wager, and Thyrsis has consented to arbitrate:—

Adfuit omne genus pecudum, genus omne ferarum,
Et quæcumque vagis altum ferit ætra pennis.
Convenit umbrosa quicumque sub ilice lentas
Pascit oves, Faunusque pater, Satyrique bicornes.
Adfuerunt sicco Dryades pede, Naiades udo,
Et tenuere suos properantia flumina cursus.
Desistunt tremulis incurrere frondibus Euri
Altaque per totos fecere silentia montes,
Omnia cessabant, neglectæque pascua tauri
Calcabant; illis etiam certantibus ausa est
Dadala nectareos apis intermittere flores.

Here is Mr. Scott's version; a good example of his faults and merits:—

Of cattle every kind was there,
Wild beasts, and whatsoe'er on high
With roving pinions cleaves the
sky.
There all, who sheep slow-pacing
lead
Beneath the ilex green to feed,
Bear Father Faunus company;
And thither two-horned Satyrs hie.
Nymphs of the woods and waters
meet,
Dry-sandalled or with dewy feet,
And rivers, hastening from their
source,
Stayed for awhile their wonted
course.

The Eastern breeze, that rides in
play
On quivering leaves, now dies
away.
And all the vast expanse of hills
With penetrating silence fills.
All nature now to rest was laid,
And bulls were trampling o'er the
glade,
Careless of pasture; e'en the bee,
That cunningest of workers, she
While these debate their mutual
powers
Dared leave awhile her nectared
flowers.

We must be content with one more citation, this from the despised Third Eclogue, in which the jealous shepherd laments that a slight but intelligible misunderstanding had arisen between himself and his love. He had caught her in the company of one Mopsus, and thereupon (to quote his own words) *Sic intus arsi Ut nihil ulterius tulerim*; in fact, he tore away her double tunic, and smacked her on the bare breast. The question is how to make his peace with her, and his memory goes back to happier times:—

Ille ego sum Lycidas quo te cantante solebas
Dicere felicem, cui dulcia sepe dedisti
Oscula, nec medicos dubitasti rumpere cantus,
Atque inter calamos errantia labra petisti.
Ah dolor! et post hæc placuit tibi torrida Mopsi
Vox et carmen iners et acerbæ stridor avenæ?
Quem sequeris? quem, Phylli, fugis? formosior illo
Dicor, et hoc ipsum mihi tu jurare solebas.

I am that Lycidas, whose voice,
You vowed, could make you oft re-
joice
To hear its tones, as when you
rained
Delicious kisses unrestrained
Full many a time; nay, thought
not wrong
To interrupt my half-heard song,
Seeking once more to kiss in play
My lips, as o'er the reed they stray.

Ah grief! and could you in the end,
To love of Mopsus condescend!
His feeble muse, his rough-toned
speech,
His acranell straw's ill-grating
screech;
Whom follow you? whom, Phyllis,
fly?
Far goodlier man, they say, am I
Than e'er was he; that this is so
Your own lips told me long ago.

The rendering of these simple lines shows us once again that Mr. Scott made a great mistake in choosing this metre. One line is too little for the Latin hexameter, and the couplet is too much; so that the translator has been compelled to pad and expand, and thereby weaken, a version which has many merits. Nor can we see any valid reason why Mr. Scott should not have used the ordinary heroic couplet; no reason except that it is a desperately difficult metre to handle. But the one selected is not much easier, and failure in it is even more obvious. On the whole, we may thank Mr. Scott for what he has done for Calpurnius; may wish that he had done a little more; and shut our eyes to his poetical shortcomings, redeemed as they are by many touches of true poetical feeling.

COLLINGWOOD.*

MR. CLARK RUSSELL is to be complimented on having triumphantly confuted Captain Marryat. He has found material for a Life of Collingwood, which the other naval novelist declared was not to be done. The feat is most creditable, because Mr. Russell has not been helped by the discovery of many new letters. He has been supplied with a few by Mr. J. C. Blackett, a member of the family of the Admiral's wife; but, with the exception of one which contains a spirited account of the battle of the 1st of June, they are not of much importance. This one was written ten days after the famous letter to his father-in-law which Thackeray has made known to all the world, and is much more hasty, not to say careless. At least, it appears so; but then it is just possible that, as Mr. Clark Russell says in another place, Newnham Collingwood, who published the Admiral's correspondence, edited his style. A comparison between the letters shows that there was no need for editing, if editing there was, except in merely formal matters. Here is the passage which describes the actual fighting in Lord Howe's victory:—

After closing our line and putting in order, between eight and nine the Admiral made the signal for each ship to engage that opposed in the enemy's. Came close [sic], and in an instant all the ships altering their course at the same time, down we went on them. 'Twas a noble sight! Their fire soon began, we reserved ours until we were so near that it was proper to cloud our ships in smoke. However, we were determined not to fire until Lord Howe had, and he is not in the habit of firing soon. In three minutes our whole line was engaged—and a better fire was never. It continued with unabated fury for near two hours, when the French broke. When we had engaged for three-quarters of an hour they called from the forecastle that the ship to leeward of us was sinking. Up started all the Johnnies from their guns and gave three cheers. I saw through the smoke a wreck lying—but she was covered in an instant with the smoke. I did not see her sink. Nine of their ships had not a stick left as long as my finger.

In the account of the same incident of the sinking ship in the letter given by Newnham Collingwood it is said that "the men started up and gave three cheers," which is more elegant certainly. We note, by the way, a curious slip in Mr. Clark Russell's quotation from the already published letter, Thackeray's letter. He makes Collingwood say, "I observed to the Admiral that about that time (when our line was bearing down on the French, to wit) our *ricols* were going to church." In the commonly accepted version it is "our wives."

There is, as we have said, little that is absolutely new in this life of Collingwood. It is Mr. Clark Russell's merit that he has made a really good book out of what was already known. This was not an easy thing to do. It was Collingwood's luck never to hold an independent command, with which great things could be done, till the French fleets had been practically driven off the sea. In the three battles in which he served he was a subordinate. He commanded Admiral Bowyer's flagship, the *Barfleur* (the vessel which carried Lord Hood's flag in the West Indies in the

previous war, and to which the Comte de Grasse surrendered in the battle off Dominica). On the 1st June he was captain of the *Excellent* on the "glorious St. Valentine's day"; and he led the lee-line at Trafalgar. The last years of his life were spent in blockading or in diplomatic work in the Mediterranean. It will be seen that a biographer might find some difficulty in telling such a life without, on the one hand, losing his man in the general movements of the fleets, or without, on the other, claiming for him more than his due. Mr. Clark Russell has avoided both mistakes. By making a free use of Collingwood's letters, and by drawing when necessary, but never without necessity, on Lieutenant Parsons, Sir Hercules Robinson, and Admiral Codrington, he has collected materials for a very readable account of a very noble Englishman. With sound critical judgment, he has avoided the easy and dangerous use of comparisons. "It matters nothing in our estimate of Milton," as he wisely says, "that Shakespeare should be deemed the greater poet. Was Milton a poet? Was he a great poet?" Precisely so. The questions are not whether Collingwood was greater than this or the other admiral, but whether he was a great officer himself, and if so, then how was his greatness shown? Mr. Clark Russell, following the sound general opinion, answers the first question in the affirmative, and the second by describing the man as he was. In this he has, we think, been very successful. Collingwood's was a character which Mr. Clark Russell can thoroughly grasp and sympathize with. He had not, as Thackeray has already said, the fire which was given to meaner men. Impatient young officers, like Codrington, thought he paid too much attention to minutiae; but it was by attending to minutiae that he kept his battered and worn-out ships afloat during years of blockading. Infinite capacity for taking care was the quality required for that work, and he had it. A man must be judged by how he did what he had to do. Mr. Clark Russell refers thrice or more to writers who have carped at Collingwood under the apparent impression that praise given to him must be subtracted from the sum due to Nelson. This is pure folly, and he treats it as it deserves to be treated. The Admiral was laughed at for his parsimony by men who held the common English creed that a certain indifference in money matters is the mark of a gentleman. But he was a poor man, and poorer after he received his title than before, when the increased demands on his income are considered. He was careful of his own money, as he was of the public stores. It is a fact which Mr. Clark Russell does not note that there is not in all his correspondence one of those lamentations over the loss of a rich station and the chance of prize money which are common with Nelson. Mr. Clark Russell speaks with proper admiration of Collingwood's heroic patience in retaining his Mediterranean command at Lord Mulgrave's request, though he knew that toil and confinement on board ship were killing him. It is perhaps a consequence of the sanity of Mr. Clark Russell's point of view that the style of this book is infinitely superior to that of either his *Dampier* or his *Nelson*, being almost uniformly sound, sober, free from mere blare, and yet not in the least insipid. The manly English of Collingwood's letters has, we may suppose, inspired him, and it is to his credit that he could be inspired to such good purpose.

A TALMUDIC TRACTATE.*

THE publication by a Cambridge scholar of a Talmudic tractate in an English translation, based on the lectures of the late Dr. Schiller-Szinessy, affords fresh evidence of the power possessed by that remarkable teacher of arousing interest in a subject which most Europeans find unattractive. Inspired by him, the Hebraists of Cambridge have produced in recent times a whole series of works, characterized by laudable accuracy and thoroughness, bearing on the later literature of the Jews; and of these Mr. Streane's production is one of the most meritorious. It will be a permanent distinction to him to have been the first Englishman to render the Gemara into English, and to have grappled with difficulties which many have regarded as insurmountable. These difficulties lie partly in the vast number of technicalities and abbreviated modes of expression which the student must master before he can make any way in the Talmud; partly in the extreme subtlety of the reasoning and the number of threads which have to be held simultaneously. Those who are well versed in the subject would probably find it easier to comment on the Talmud in the original Aramaic than in any other language, owing to the complicated references which single words and particles contain. It would be too much to say that Mr. Streane exhibits the unflinching mastery of these technicalities which appears in the best German translations, such as Sammt's *Baba Mezia* and F. Ewald's *Aboda Zara*; he is, perhaps, more trustworthy in the difficult than in the easy passages, but there is room for revision in many parts of the volume. On the whole, however, it will not be denied that he shows himself equal to his undertaking. He has besides been at great pains to collect biographical details of the personages, obscure and illustrious, whose sayings are quoted, and is evidently familiar with the modern literature of his subject. His translation will be of use to the many classes of persons for whose studies some acquaintance

* *Collingwood*. By W. Clark Russell. With Illustrations by F. Brangwyn. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

* תלמוד. A Translation of the treatise Chagigah from the Babylonian Talmud. With Introduction, Notes, Glossary, and Indices. By the Rev. A. W. Streane, M.A. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1891.

with Rabbinic lore is necessary, and especially those Hebraists who are commencing the study of the Talmud.

The tractate *Chagigah* is very well suited to serve as a specimen of the Babylonian Talmud, for although its chief subject, the classes of persons exempted from attending the festivals, is of little interest, it illustrates all the most remarkable of the Rabbinic methods of exegesis, and also contains, both in the Mishna and the Gemara, a variety of notices of importance. Of these the most interesting is the mention (in the second section of the Mishna) of esoteric interpretations of the first chapter of Genesis and of the vision of Ezekiel, which must therefore have existed as early at least as the second century A.D.; the former might be communicated to one person only at a time, the latter not even to one, "unless he were wise and able to understand of himself." These esoteric doctrines are identified by the philosopher Maimonides with the sciences of physics and metaphysics; others, even in recent times, identify them with the existing Kabbala, which, however, is more probably a reconstruction than a perpetuation of them. That the former view is near the truth is shown by the following words of the Mishna, which state that it would be better for a man never to have been born than to speculate upon what is above him, what is beneath him, what is before him, and what is behind him, and to be careless of the glory of his Creator. The person to whom this doctrine was communicated had to be sufficiently quick-witted to understand hints, and so render detailed explanation of perilous topics unnecessary. The Gemara would have it that the danger which attended the handling of these subjects was an objective one, similar to that which was encountered by inexperienced persons who handled spells; fire proceeded from the mystic words and devoured the uninitiated inquirer. The danger is more likely to have been subjective, if, as is probable, the esoteric doctrine was some theory at variance with revealed religion. In the Indian system, which offers not a few analogies to the Jewish, there comes a period in the life of a Brahmin when he learns that the Vedas are vanity and meditates on the realities of things. The Jewish system, if the passage may be thus built on, reserved the secret for the very few, and, in consequence of this caution, it has perished.

The Gemara in which this passage is discussed contains the source of many of the wild fancies about the heaven and earth which have drifted into the Koran and its commentaries, but also some statements of value. In consequence, we read, of the accident which befell the student of Ezekiel's vision, Ezekiel narrowly escaped being relegated to the Apocrypha. The truer form of the story is given in the immediately preceding passage, which is repeated elsewhere; Ezekiel was to be relegated to the Apocrypha because his code was found to contradict the code of the Pentateuch (in 250 places, Mr. Streane tells us in a note); his book was saved by Rabbi Hananiah, son of Hezekiah, who consumed three hundred measures of lamp-oil in explaining away the differences. This Rabbi lived within six hundred years of the Prophet's time, but had no inkling of the explanation which critics living two thousand years since have furnished, and which might have saved him *oleum et operam*—namely, that it was not Ezekiel who contradicted the Pentateuch, but the Pentateuch which had superseded Ezekiel. We should gladly know more, however, of the body who discussed Ezekiel's claims to canonicity, and whether they discussed any other books which found no Rabbi Hananiah to intercede for them; such as the book of Joshua Ben-Sira, of which this tractate preserves a familiar quotation. The same Gemara rather happily accounts for the diffuseness of Ezekiel's description of his vision, as contrasted with the brevity of Isaiah's sixth chapter. Ezekiel was like a rustic, unfamiliar with such scenes; Isaiah like an inhabitant of the city who had learned *nil admirari*. Some interest also attaches to a grammatical observation, ascribed to one Nahum, who explained with lucidity and correctness the purpose of the objective participle in the first verse of Genesis. Such observations are rare in the Talmud, nor did the Jews, in spite of their minute study of the Scripture, ever develop a grammar of their own. This treatise also contains an oft-quoted reference to some system of punctuation, but it is obscurely worded, and, if we mistake not, inaccurately rendered by Mr. Streane, as by others before him.

Historical notices are scantier than in some other treatises. Readers will be attracted by the name of Mary of Magdala (p. 18); but they will find, if they consult the original, that *Magdala* is a somewhat gross mistranslation. The story in which this name occurs is designed to show that people may die before their proper time, owing to the messenger of the Angel of Death misunderstanding his orders. On the occasion referred to he was told to bring Mary *megaddala*, a word which in Hebrew would mean "the nurse," in Syriac "the person whose business is to plait the hair." The Angel meant the hairdresser, but his messenger brought the nurse. He offered to take her back when the mistake was pointed out, but the Angel thought best to retain her. What became of the other Mary is not stated; but it is clear that *Magdala* has no place here. An allusion is made to persecutions under the reign of the Persian King Sapor; a Rabbi got exemption from them by secret payments, but only for a time. Similar stories could be told by the Rabbis of many periods of history. An evidently apocryphal anecdote follows it of a contest in the "house of Caesar" between a Rabbi and a heretic, in which the former is naturally victorious.

Should Mr. Streane's translation reach a second edition—and, since Ewald's *Aboda Zara* had that distinction, we may hope it

will do so—we should suggest that he should collate several editions of the text, or, better still, some MSS. We may notice, e.g. that *they were examined* on p. 5 would seem to represent merely a misprint for *they were healed*. The translation would also be made more intelligible if the gloss of Rashi were embodied with it, after the example set by Sampter and Lederer; Rashi's commentary is a model of terseness, and knowledge which he does not presuppose in his readers cannot be presupposed in the English reader. A closer adherence to him would, we believe, have improved the translation in many places; for, owing to the profound knowledge from which he writes, where his renderings seem strangest, examination will show that he has good grounds for his opinion. The Talmud will never interest many besides those who recognize its authority, nor is it a literary monument which does much honour to the nation which produced it; but it is of advantage that it should be rendered easy of access, for only by this means will the extravagant commendations which it still occasionally receives, as well as the unjust aspersions that are cast upon it, be finally refuted.

FISHER AND STRAHAN ON NEWSPAPER LAW.*

ONE of the distinctive points of English liberties is said to be the absence of any special law regulating the periodical press. It is nevertheless true, as Mr. Fisher and Mr. Strahan point out, that the development of modern business and the experiments of modern legislation have brought about a state of things very different from that of which Blackstone wrote, or perhaps that which was present in the mind of Blackstone's successor Mr. Albert Dicey when he discoursed of the law of the Constitution from the Vinerian chair a few years ago. There is not in this country, and never was, any maxim or principle of liberty of the press as distinct from every one's liberty of discussion; on the other hand the claims once made by the Crown to a general supervision of printing have long since been abandoned. Still we now have a considerable and increasing amount of law which is either applicable only to the newspaper press or more important in that application than in any other. Persons who publish newspapers or are otherwise answerable for their contents have special duties to observe and special conditions to satisfy, while of late years they have been relieved from some of the extreme consequences of the common law of libel by conferring special immunities on them. The writers of the book before us have aimed at giving a clear practical view of this branch of the law, and we think they have in the main succeeded. Editors will do well to have a copy of *The Law of the Press* in the office for reference; it is likely to save time and trouble to solicitors, especially in the country, and costs to their clients; and although practising barristers will hardly consult it in their chambers in preference to the fuller special treatises on the law of copyright and libel, they may well find it useful in court and on circuit.

We may as well deal at once with the points we have noted for criticism; there is nothing in them of a grave kind or affecting the practical usefulness of the book. At page 40 a wrong reference and date are given by some clerical accident for the case of *Buxton v. James*, which moreover assumes rather than decides the point for which it is cited. The point itself, however—namely, that simultaneous publication here and abroad is sufficient to secure British copyright—is, we believe, accepted law; and Mr. Fisher and Mr. Strahan are justified in citing the nearest approach to direct authority that can be found. Under the head of slander of title, which is quite a different thing from slander in the common sense of personal defamation by spoken words, the authors dispute the generally received rule that in these cases the statement complained of must be shown—contrary to what holds in ordinary actions for libel—not only to be untrue, but to have been published in bad faith. They omit to notice that the opinion disputed by them was unanimously supported by the Court of Appeal ten years ago in *Halsey v. Brotherhood*. And they do not seem to be aware of the reason for the distinction—namely, that slander of title is not properly a kind of defamation at all, but a special wrong in the nature of deceit and other injuries in which wrongful intention, or at least reckless disregard of duty, has always been held a necessary element of liability. Then, we do not think our authors well advised in their explanation of "privilege." They retain as a starting point the old fiction that "the law presumes the existence of at least enough malice to give ground for an action." It will hardly be enlightening to the lay reader, first to give him this wholly artificial rule, and then to tell him that in cases of "absolute privilege" it is reversed conclusively, and in cases of "qualified privilege" it is reversed subject to the plaintiff being allowed to prove actual malice if he can. And lawyers will hardly be willing to renounce the deliverance wrought by Lord Blackburn when, in the great case of the Capital and Counties Bank, he boldly exploded the fiction of "implied malice" altogether. Surely it is clearer both for lawyers and laymen to say that, generally speaking, we must answer for the natural tendency of the language we hold in public, without

* *The Law of the Press: a Digest of the Law specially affecting Newspapers, &c.* By Joseph K. Fisher and James Andrew Strahan. London: William Clowes & Sons, Limited. 1891.

regard to what was our intention or belief; but that, for reasons of public convenience, a man has absolute immunity for what he says in some capacities and on some occasions, and on some other occasions he is protected unless it can be shown that he acted in bad faith in making the statement complained of. And we should have liked Mr. Fisher and Mr. Strahan to show less hesitation in adopting the sound doctrine of the Court of Appeal that fair comment on matters publicly submitted to criticism, or otherwise of public interest, is not a privileged publication, but is not a libel at all. It is of ill example, we think, both to students and to practitioners to go on repeating the phrases of the old-fashioned authorities, after the House of Lords and the Court of Appeal have spoken deliberately and decisively. We further have to regret that the misleading term "common law copyright" is used to denote the right to prevent the publication of unpublished matter; a right for which, it is true, no convenient and apt name has yet been found.

Let us now turn to points fit for special commendation. Certain mealy-mouthed persons have objected from time to time to literary piracy being called piracy. We therefore read in this book, with no small content, that "Piracy may be shortly defined as the illegal reproduction, literally or substantially, of the whole or part of a work in which copyright exists." And piracy let it be. There is another sentence further on which all young contributors to periodicals ought to learn by heart. We will not attempt to gild its refined gold by comment:—"It may be observed that where a person not on the staff of a newspaper sends a manuscript to the editor without any invitation either to himself personally or to the public generally to do so, he sends it at his own risk. There is no obligation on the part of the newspaper proprietor or editor to preserve it, and if it be lost the sender cannot recover its value." Lately we have observed, by the way, that some persons speak of any one who is a frequent contributor to a periodical as being on its staff. We conceive that this is not accurate. Only those contributors are on the staff who have undertaken to contribute regularly to some definite extent, and are in turn entitled by an honourable if not a legal agreement to have at least the opportunity of so contributing in their respective departments. Other contributors, however often they may write in fact, are not on the staff. The remarks on an editor's right to alter contributions are thoroughly sound in drawing a sharp distinction between unsigned and signed articles, and show a just appreciation of literary usage as well as of the strictly legal points.

It may be news to some of us to learn that "in Ireland a newspaper if owned by a company would appear to have the power of placing itself outside the law," by reason of some of the Acts of Parliament not being applicable to Ireland, whether by design or (as seems more likely) by accident. Will not some Nationalist member claim for the journals of his party the enjoyment of equal laws with English publishers and proprietors?

The final chapter giving an account of Continental Press laws is a novel and useful feature in the book. It will be observed that the fundamental difference between the Continental and the English idea of defamation runs through these provisions. By the Common Law, the right of action for libel or slander is founded either on actual damage or on the actual or presumed tendency of the words to cause damage. On the Continent the cause of action is not the damage but the personal insult, just as here an assault is actionable without any proof of actual hurt. In our judgment the Continental principle is the sounder one. It is certain that if we had started from it several of the existing anomalies of our law would not have been possible. But we fear the mischief is too inveterate to be remedied by the judicial action even of the House of Lords.

THE NATURALIST OF CUMBRAE.*

THAT this record of a pleasant life should be written was proper, and that Mr. Stebbing should write it can offend no one; but that it should be published just at this particular juncture is unexplained. Mr. Robertson, called the Naturalist of Cumbrae, because he long resided at Millport on that island, is alive; he is in his eighty-fifth year, and still enjoys, according to his biographer, all the faculties of a green old age. We are expressly informed, in the preface, that it is not to indulge what might be held a very pardonable vanity that this memoir is published in the naturalist's lifetime. On the contrary, although Mr. Robertson has at length been induced to consent to the formation of a biography, he was long greatly averse to it. We are therefore quite at a loss to discover what is the propriety of issuing the book at this particular moment when it is practically posthumous, so far as any addition to its interest can be expected, and yet deals with a gentleman who is still alive, and may long be susceptible to personal criticism. For his subject's sake and for his reader's sake, Mr. Stebbing should have put his manuscript in a desk, and have waited.

David Robertson began life as a South Lanarkshire herd-boy on a moorland farm. He had a good constitution, courage, and some luck. At seventeen he began to learn the weaving trade, and this gave him occasion to attend school in the evenings and

to pick up the elements of education. After a year, however, he went back to out-of-door work as a farm-servant. There does not seem to have been anything remarkable about him as a youth; he was a good average example of the honest and spirited Scottish peasant. When he was twenty-four, in spite of his extreme poverty and—what in Scotland is more important—the disadvantage of a bad stammer, he suddenly determined to go to Glasgow University and become a medical student, as so many Lanarkshire farm-lads have done before him. In order to pay his college fees, he still more daringly set up as a schoolmaster, joining a younger colleague, who wrote a better hand than he, in opening an evening school. After six years of hard work, during the whole of one of which he was invalided, he "satisfied all the preliminaries for obtaining his diploma," and was ready to go in for the final examination. But at this moment he changed his entire plans. He was thirty years of age, and saw no great prospect of making his way as a physician. He set up an earthenware shop in Glasgow, and about six years later he married a wife.

Mr. Robertson was forty years of age before he began to study science. He began, about 1846, to make desultory experiments of a semi-scientific character, and to contribute the results to the local newspapers. The institution of the Natural History Society of Glasgow, in 1851, gave a definition to these loose ambitions. He began to dredge for marine forms in the Firth of Clyde, and to correspond with Dr. Harvey on the collection of sea-weeds, and Mr. P. H. Gosse on the formation of aquaria. In 1857 he was fortunate enough to excite notice and envy by discovering a habitat for that extraordinary little fish, *Amphioxus lanceolatus*. In 1860 he retired from business, and began to live—at all events throughout the summer—at Millport, on the island of Great Cumbrae. In 1867 he formed the acquaintance of a similar, but much more interesting man—Thomas Edward—whom Robertson visited at Banff. The latter gradually became a very skilful and active marine collector, whose greatest pleasure was to search, on behalf of some savant, for curious forms which might help in the production of a monograph, or to do anything else of a zoological nature which could be "for the welfare of the Muckle Cumbrae, or the Lesser Cumbrae, or the adjacent island of Great Britain." In 1866 he went to Norway on a geological expedition, with a letter of introduction from Dr. Gwyn Jeffreys to Michael Sars; and in 1868 he joined Professor G. S. Brady in a dredging excursion on the West Coast of Ireland. While working at sea-weeds, shells, nudibranchs, and amphipods Robertson contrived to follow up his geological studies.

In 1874 he came before the general scientific public for the first time as joint-author, with Brady and Crosskey, of a *Monograph of the Post-Tertiary Entomostraca*, in which, however, the main part was due more to his companions than to himself. Next year a grant was given to the three friends, at a meeting of the British Association, to fit out a dredging-expedition in the North-eastern waters of England, making Sunderland their headquarters. In 1876 he combined with Armstrong and Young to produce a *Catalogue of the Western Scottish Fossils*, his own list of the glacial fossils being a laborious portion of the work. It is hardly, however, our place to chronicle here the useful and modest discoveries of Mr. Robertson's long life. None of them were very important, but in the course of time they amounted to a respectable mass, filling some pages of his biographer's appendix. Mr. Robertson's chief claim upon the world, however, has been the zeal with which he has, during a long life, unselfishly placed his time and his experience at the service of other and perhaps more serious investigators. Many biologists of eminence have had cause to thank him for timely specimens added to their collections. It is due, we must believe, to Mr. Stebbing's delicacy, and not to his want of biographical skill, that, though a great many trivial facts are recorded about the subject of his volume, we are not able to form a very clear notion of his personality. In truth, a smaller volume, and a more vivid one, would probably have served the purpose of Mr. Stebbing better than this extended Life.

SOME AMERICAN VERSE.*

MR. FRANCIS S. SALTUS must not be confounded with the eminent author of *Tristram Varick*. That Mr. Saltus is, we believe, alive; this Mr. Saltus is, we believe, dead—a fact on which we condole with his friends, but which need not at the distance of some thousand miles and some lapse of time prevent us from speaking the truth about him. That Mr. Francis Saltus was a remarkably clever young man the volumes before us (very handsomely printed and bound by-the-bye) leave no doubt. They are two in number; they are not inconsiderable quartos in size; they contain about seven hundred pages. This provision of minor poetry makes the critic feel as Beckford must have felt when the Portuguese Archbishop produced for the dinner of himself, Beckford, and the Marquis of Marialva three authentic roasted pigs reposing on one huge silver dish. And the parallel is closer than may seem in that Mr. Saltus's poetry, like roasted

* *The Naturalist of Cumbrae: a True Story; being the Life of David Robertson*. By his friend, the Rev. Thomas R. R. Stebbing. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

* *Shadows and Ideals*. By F. S. Saltus. *The Witch of Ender and other Pieces*. By F. S. Saltus. Buffalo: Moulton.

Lyrics for a Lute. By F. Dempster Sherman. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

pig, is a trifle over-rich and cloying. It is, however, exceedingly interesting and emphatically a "document." Some valiant American critics, with Mr. Howells at their head, and in their hearts a patriotism which we cannot but admire, are endeavouring to vindicate for America the possession of a school of real poets. We have read many of these bards, and, with the exception of one or two of the old school, and two or one of the new, they seem to us all pervaded with the same peculiarities which the late Mr. Saltus here exhibits in, we think, unapproached and unapproachable measure and perfection. These peculiarities are not wholly dissimilar from those shown by persons of certain European nationalities of imperfect civilization and of worn-out or not yet digested and concreted idiosyncrasy. It is well known how Slavs, Jews, and other nondescripts display an almost diabolic cleverness in writing languages other than their own, and simulating what may be called the linguistic and literary personality, if not of these tongues, at any rate of some schools in them. At the present moment Frenchmen of the old rock are contemplating, half with fear and half with wonder, a sort of Greeks, Americans, and what not who are teaching them to write French, especially French verse. Mr. Saltus died rather too young to have got the full symbolist touch, but he has French verse here which is really not bad of its kind, Italian which will pass muster, some Spanish, and a great deal of English—all of which he writes with the same curious foreign familiarity which distinguishes the races we have referred to. There are, of course, innumerable false notes to a trained ear, notes of which

To wildly and most wonderfully die,

though not the worst, is one of the first and one of the most indicative that strikes us on turning the volumes over a second time; yet Mr. Saltus is not seldom pretty and even touching. For instance—

My lost youth lurked within your golden hair,
My vanished dreams were hidden in your eyes—

though the second and better line is simply "lifted" from De Quincey, and versified to disguise the lifting—is a very decent couplet.

But what interests us in Mr. Saltus is neither his false notes nor his true, if not very original, notes, but certain general characteristics of both, and of his whole verse, which speak the young man of an unlettered nation, who strives to be literary, and is merely bookish—who strives to be original, and is merely *outré*. Such solecisms, such plagiarisms as we have just quoted are nothing in themselves; they may be paralleled from the greatest and most undoubted poets. It is when they occur constantly, and in connexion with certain other marks of style and subject, that they are really interesting and really damning. Mr. Saltus possesses those marks. His French models—for, as is the case of most Americans of his kind, his models were chiefly French—blasphemed and were "improper," so he would blaspheme and be improper too. We do not suppose that, except silliness and bad taste, there was much harm in Mr. Saltus. We think it extremely probable that when he celebrates "A Transteverina," and cries,

For in the willow of her arms that twine
Their softness round me I can feel arise
The Imperial Messalinas of the past,

he is referring to no more shocking actual experience than, perhaps, the dropping of a penny into the hand of some young woman from Hammersmith who is got up as an Italian organ-girl. We are nearly as sure, when he talks of "White Saffonian [*sic*] breasts," that he is innocent of mischief as we are quite sure that he is innocent of Greek. When in a melting mood he implores the Deity to give him the power to believe, we do not think that his soul was really buffeted by the dread winds of incredulity, and when he in person or by his personage longs

To seek sweet shelter under Satan's wings,

we feel certain that he would have been in a horrible fright if Satan had shown any signs of taking him at his word.

The province which Mr. Saltus was most active in thus taking to be his in make-believe, and in which he achieved the greatest success, was the province of what may be called the Profane-Improper. One of his volumes is devoted almost exclusively to working out Biblical or semi-Biblical themes in the French manner. It opens with "The Witch of Endor." She, it seems, was really a very handsome young woman, of less than doubtful morals, who was in love with Saul, and resorted to this rather out-of-the-way means of gratifying her passion. She also rhymed "scarlet" to "harlot," which neither passion nor anything else can defend. After many pages of similar twaddle, which derives its only interest to anybody from the obvious presence behind it of a belief in that which it affects to condemn, we come to a justification of Cain, a very old story, in which the only noteworthy thing is a delightful line—

I felled the blooming trees.

"Potiphar's Wife" more than justifies Joseph by speaking of the "nubile graces of his form," a proof that either she or Mr. Saltus knew not Latin. We further learn in "Samson and Delilah" that that lady

Agged his distress.

But all this, and "Judas" (who, it seems, was in love with the Magdalene) and "Moses in Sinai," and other things, could not satiate Mr. Saltus. There was in him a nobler thirst. He tried

at first to quench it with a long poem on Carthage, which is in part *Salammô* put into verse, grotesqued and double dosed with blood and—well, not thunder. It includes a song of the "Way-walker," who observes temptingly

I can resurrect thy fire
By the thrumming of my lyre.

Very similar in plan, metres, and taste is "Bel-Shar-Uzzar," where a similar person sings a similar song.

Warmed by these preliminary exertitions, the defunct genius of Mr. Saltus, as though to quote one of his own lines—

Softly pleased by the music of the flutes of asses' bones—

dared a still loftier theme. It is that very odd one which, as students know, Milton thought at college of treating (it is strange that it has struck none of his biographers that this was why his tutor whipped him). "Lot's Wife" is a very wondrous lyrical drama, again similar in plan to "Carthage" and "Bel-Shar-Uzzar," but naturally (if that adverb be not unfortunately selected) expatiating into more recondite juncundities. A French *réclame* would probably describe it as "étude fouillée, étude vécue, des mœurs asphaltitiques." But the restraints of an effete and insular civilization prevent us from doing more than allude to this part of Mr. Saltus's barbaric yaup, which, like all the rest, is much more marked by a curious wistful puerility, a sort of "O mother! am I not *very* naughty now, more naughty than ever a boy was before?" than by real corruption. Peace, however, be with Mr. Saltus's rather dirty ghost. He appears to us to have been only a very advanced victim of Mr. Howells's cruel syllogism:—

All great countries have great poets:
America is a great country:
Therefore America has great poets.

And then he went and tried to be one, finding no more excellent way of being it than this.

Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman is a very different person, and we rather ask his pardon for tying him to such an unsavoury corpse as that of Mr. Saltus. But why, oh why, does he say that he will write over his library door

Hic habitat felicitas?

We never heard it called a library before, we never really did; and we greatly fear that Mr. Sherman is quite ignorant of at least some associations of what he calls "this motto of a Latin make." But, as a rule, he is quite as favourable an example of the American failure to be greatly poetical as Mr. Saltus is an unfavourable one. We have a poem on Omar Khayyâm—and, of course, every fellow who respects himself should write a poem on Omar Khayyâm. We have a poem to Israfil; and who have a better right to write poems to Israfil than the countrymen of the one great original poet that America has produced? We have one on a Greek vase—proper, quite proper, you know. And we have not a few copies of verse like this, which is so simple, modest, and sweet that it washes the taste of Mr. Saltus's childish nastiness and pretension out of our mouth, and deserves quoting as a whole:—

Song like a rose should be;
Each rhyme a petal sweet;
For fragrance, melody,
That when her lips repeat
The words, her heart may know
What secret makes them so:—
Love, only Love!
Go, then, my song,—a rose
Fashioned of love and rhyme;
Unto her heart disclose
That secret old as time,—
Old, yet forever new!
Go, then, and tell her true:—
Love, only Love!

Here is another:—

Day to my heart
With you comes always fair:
When you depart
'T is twilight there.
Then love unbars
The door of dreams for me,
And lights the stars
Of memory.

"These are good rhymes," quoth the elder Mr. Pope, and they shall make us to end pleasantly. For, though the great poets of Mr. Howells we have not found yet, in America as in England some pleasing verse-writers have we found. But they are never so pleasing as when they do not attempt to be epoch-making, and tremendous, and world-contemptuous, and spread- (if not Theban) eagle-like on the one hand, nor endeavour, on the other, to find a back-way to the original by tricks of xenomania and flings of un-conventionality.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE TIME.*

THIS "well-known and indispensable book of reference" has now reached its thirteenth edition. It comes before the public, this year with a new editor, a new title, and a new shape.

* *Men and Women of the Time: a Dictionary of Contemporaries.* Thirteenth Edition, revised and brought down to the Present Time. By G. Washington Moon, Hon. F.R.S.L. London: George Routledge & Sons, Limited. 1891.

As edition after edition has appeared, it has been our portion and that of our contemporaries to allot to it, as we hope, its due meed of praise, and to point out, in no unfriendly and carping spirit, its deficiencies and shortcomings. We have pointed out what the ideal editor of such a volume should aim at, what he has in fact achieved; his sins of commission and omission have been indicated quite as much in the interest of the future of the book itself as in that of the public. Errors of description, of fact, of manner, of arrangement, and so forth, capable of easy rectification, have been exposed, time after time. It is sad to have to confess that these labours have for the most part been thrown away; as edition after edition presents itself, they have to be undertaken afresh. In some respects the volume is so old a friend that we must speak of its faults more in sorrow than in anger; at the same time we are almost constrained to add, in the presence of so old an offender, "Thy sin's not accidental, 'tis a trade."

For a few alterations, demanded by ourselves, we have indeed to return our thanks. The number of people who poured through the vestry of St. James's, Westmoreland Street, to inspect the Garibaldi relics, there exposed to the gaze of the faithful, is no longer counted among the triumphs of its "meenister," though his wounds and 'escapes at Capua are recorded. We objected to the reckoning of Mr. George Richmond's portraits being placed so high as "between three and four thousand"; in the new edition we note that it has fallen to between "two and three thousand." We are thankful; Heaven may perhaps give us more next time. When we have added that the shape of the volume, though it is increased in size, is considerably handier than formerly, and that its printing and general get up are excellent, our praise must end.

Place aux dames. It has pleased the new editor to disregard what is somewhat loosely described as a legal maxim, that the term "men" is to include "women" in the absence of any express provision to the contrary. Certainly in this case the number and the extraordinary interest of the notices of the Women of the Time justify this new departure. They may be said to "bulk largely." Some of them are written with a disregard of proportion, and even of accuracy, which a cynic might describe as characteristic of the subjects of them, and which are truly colossal. And yet, it is in regard of what used to be called "the fair" that some of the graver omissions are to be noted. It is not only that those who are known alternatively as "great ladies" and "leaders of society" are wholly ignored, and that the Duchesses are to a woman omitted: though we should have thought that the widowed Duchess of Manchester, Dowager Lady Ailesbury, Lady Dudley, and others of like calibre, would have been found here. But in those departments of human activity in which prominent places are universally accorded to women, the allotment of this "instalment of immortality" is remarkably capricious. In music, for instance, we seek in vain for such names as Janotha, Scalchi, Trebelli, Marie Roze, Minnie Hauck, Valleria. Miss Ellen Terry is, of course, given, but neither of her accomplished sisters is mentioned; nor do we find such admirable actresses as Miss Ada Rehan, Miss Geneviève Ward, Miss N. Farren, Lady Monckton, Miss Jessie Bond, Mlle. Blanche Pierson, and the sisters Rorke. How excellently would the style of the biographer lend itself, as we shall presently see, to the life of Ouida! We have searched for it, under several conceivably possible initials, but in vain; nor is the clever lady who signs herself "Violet Fane" mentioned. In the art world, again, ladies are admitted officially to the honours of more than one recognized institution; and we might fairly expect to meet with Miss Clara Montalba, with Mrs. Duffield, with Miss Kate Greenaway, with Miss Constance Phillott, and others, if only because their names are set forth on the first pages of the catalogues of their respective Societies.

Perhaps in view of these omissions it may be asked who, then, are the Women of the Time in whose favour this modification of the title of the book has been made? It may be convenient to reply, before proceeding to discuss the merits and demerits of the book in regard of the inferior sex. We have then, of course, Her Majesty the Queen and the other reigning queens and queen consorts, and several princesses of European Courts, in regard of whom it is required of the reader that he be informed of their Christian names, for that of their countries will not help him. This, however, is a drawback that these illustrious ladies share with their spouses and other "royalties" named in the volume. Then there are a great company of ladies of name and fame, whose books and other works are plainly and simply set forth. The fault of inclusiveness is, of course, one on the right side, and it only deserves the name when the space at an editor's disposal is limited. In an encyclopedia how happy should we be in the company of these long dissertations upon the lives and virtues of Mrs. Ormiston Chant, Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, Mme. Blavatsky, Mrs. Mona Caird, Miss Dowie, and, above all, of Mrs. G. S. Reaney! Whether we over-estimate the joy of such a prospect, let the reader judge by the following extracts. Of one of these ladies (we spare her and her husband's blushes) it is alleged that she is "one of the most eloquent female orators of modern times"; her pedigree and that of her husband, a banker of repute, are given; and these reflections are added:—"Thus after the lapse of a century the families of Washington and of his dearest friend, Alexander Hamilton, are again united. Is this merely a strange coincidence, or is there in it some mysterious lesson for psychologists to study respecting the eternity of friendship and the affinity of souls? I pause for a reply." (N.B.

The last four or five words have obviously been omitted from the text by some accident.) This lady is the one who "strove also to arouse the public mind to the importance of intelligent maternity," who "dwelt most eloquently upon the terrible consequences of" such and such things, who felt this and that about the "inequality in the status of the sexes," and a vast deal more to the extent of over a couple of columns. Another lady has had a striking and unusual career. "At fifteen Laura became a Sunday-school teacher, and carried on that work in different parts of England with little intermission till she was twenty-two." Then the hospital is named where, as a nurse, she met her future husband (this, perhaps, by way of advertisement). She decided to study medicine, and "her lover entered heart and soul into the project." Years roll on, and a long article concludes with a "moral." "Her house is, indeed, a refuge for the destitute, and a place where broken lives and hearts get mended under the influence of loving care. The criminal and the outcast, the giddy and the stupid, the lonely, the poor, are seldom out of her home circle." Well, of course, if the lady and her "lover" are satisfied, this is well; but why take the public into their confidence? We have no space for many passages that we had extracted; one more, however, is too rich to be put aside. The life-story of this lady begins with the statement—a somewhat bald one—that "her two brothers occupy as prominent a place in the world as she does; for one is — of the London County Council, and the other is — of Wimpole Street, the well-known specialist in female complaints." This looks like "good business." She began as a teacher, then as a preacher, "and on a Sunday afternoon soon after, the crowd of grown-up scholars, without bonnets or shawls, or any change of gear, women and men, like big children, followed their young captain to the cottage." The Bishop appeared on the scene; but said Miss —, "I have an authority higher than that of bishops and archbishops; and, that being so, speak I must." The conversation is further recorded; but we may not pursue the story of such august wars. It takes three precious columns to tell, and ends thus:—"More grateful to her heart will be the invocation breathed in the days which have recently passed, by many a humble wife and mother, and in which [sic] the editor unites with them, in the words before quoted of the good Bishop of Ely, 'Go on, and God bless you!'"

In one thing, at all events, we may claim to agree with our editor. He boldly avers in the preface "this work has not been compiled to gratify the vanity of individuals"; we are happy to join him in disclaiming any such aim on our own part. Having, moreover, no desire to pillory the individuals who, it is only fair to presume, would have been the first to protest against such unwarrantable liberties being taken with their names, we have suppressed any mention of them ourselves in connexion with our extracts. We are glad to be able to say that the lives of "Men of the Time" as here presented are, for the most part, far less dithyrambic than those of their less fortunate sisters. Here, however, are the same faults of caprice in selection, inaccuracy of description, ambiguity and verbosity of style. There is a plentiful crop of what we take to be sheer misprints, such as Stewart Bayley for Stewart, Gibbs, Q.C., for Gibbs, "An Orleander" (Mr. Alma Tadema's picture). Some are more amusing, such as that by which a well-known painter appears as "Le Jeune, The Hon. Henry, A.R.A.," or by which Mr. Snelus, F.R.S., appears, between "Stubbs" and "Sullivan," as Suelus, a blunder that is continued through over two columns. Still more entertaining is the statement that Mrs. Humphry Ward translated "that very remarkable book Amiel's 'Journal In Time.'" A very remarkable book, truly. Besides these which we credit the printer with, there are others of simple ignorance. Questions of style and address may fairly stagger the editor of a halfpenny evening paper, but they should be plain sailing to an editor of such a book as this. We find, however, such queer headings to the biographies as these:—"Harris, Lord George Robert Canning Harris, fourth Baron," "Butler, Lady Elizabeth Scuttherden," "Morris, Right Honourable Lord Michael," "Thring, Lord Henry, K.C.B.," and, to give only one more out of many a score, "Lorne, Sir John George Edward Henry Douglas Sutherland Campbell, G.C.M.G., called by courtesy the Marquis of," a name, style, and title in which the affectation of heraldic precision may be said to approach the pedantic. Then we have a number of knights of the various orders without their customary prefixes, as thus:—"Crowe, Joseph Archer, C.B., K.C.M.G.," "Sendall, Walter Joseph, K.C.M.G.," "Stephenson, Augustus Keppel, K.C.B." An old schoolboy maxim may be thus varied,—make a blunder and stick to it. But, although examples of the ordinary use predominate, our editor shifts from one plan to another with absolute impartiality.

Of more importance than these eccentricities of description are the downright blunders in matters of fact, of which we proceed to give a few instances. We have, for example, at all events, one absolutely non-existent peer in the person of "Ventris, Rt. Hon. Lord," and discover that the person intended is Lord Field, who was granted his title so far back as February 1890. Sir Arthur Gordon is described offhand as Governor of Ceylon, a post he retired from some twelve months ago; his successor, Sir Arthur Havelock, is however similarly described a few pages further on. Mr. Robert Bourke is noticed at some length, without any reference to Lord Connemara, though the peerage dates from 1887. Lord Carlingford is said to be "his presumptive of his brother, Lord Claremont." The title was, of course, Lord Claremont, and Lord Carlingford succeeded to it four years ago. It is

ludicrously incorrect to say that the Duke of Fife was created Earl of Fife in 1885; even the addition of the words "of the United Kingdom" would only modify the blunder; the Earldom of Fife (which singularly enough is an Irish peerage) was created in 1759. Mr. Justice Gibson, of the Irish Bench, still, it seems, represents the Walton division of Liverpool, and is Solicitor-General for Ireland. Mr. Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A., appears to have suddenly stopped work in 1886. Sir Coutts Lindsay is a Trustee of the National Gallery. Of Dean Pigou we read, "he subsequently accepted the curacy of Vere Street Chapel, where Canon Cook was preacher." Every word conveys an error here; at all events, Dr. Pigou was never curate of St. Peter's, Vere Street, nor was the late Canon Cook ever its incumbent. We read further, of the same dignitary, "In 1878, his University conferred on him the two degrees of B.D. and D.D., a rare distinction, which is seldom done, unless one is raised to the bench." The singular variety of the scholastic advantages attributed to Dr. Pigou, makes us somewhat doubtful what "his University" actually is, but certainly nothing is more common, at "the Universities," speaking generally, than the process described. The Duke of Luxemburg-Nassau has two memoirs, one under each of his realms, neither do they agree the one with the other. We omit several of our excerpts, and pass on to one which is simply incomprehensible and occult. Of the Rev. Charles Henry Kelly, President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, 1889, we are told, "he was appointed to the superintendence of the great Book Concern of Methodism in 1889." This is altogether beyond us; it sounds as if it ought to be something lucrative. Another remark has puzzled us. Under the heading of "Loisinger, Fräulein Amalia" we find this entry:—"From Linz she went to Leipzig and then to Darmstadt, where she obtained an engagement at a salary of" so and so for the first, second, and third year respectively. "Her next engagement was to Prince Alexander of Battenberg." *Voilà tout.* We apprehend that it is "a goak."

It is probable that readers of this volume will turn most readily to the names of men and women in those spheres of activity with which they are themselves best acquainted. We promise that they will not go unrewarded. If, for example, we give a preference to the political biographies, we shall consult first, let us say, the life of Mr. Gladstone. Here we seem to be on sure ground. The narrative is clear and impartial, one with which nobody can find fault. All goes easily, till of a sudden we find ourselves in dirty water; somebody has caught a literary "crab." A brisk allusion to Mr. Parnell, the calling of a somewhat soiled spade a spade, and we come upon this sentence:—"This occasioned a split among the Irish members, the majority of whom, to their honour be it said, sided with the just demands of Mr. Gladstone." The cause of these gusty words is, however, easily ascertainable; it is exactly at this date that our new editor succeeded Mr. Humphry Ward. These "just demands," this unsavoury spade, and these Irish members are very much indeed upon his mind. Nearly all the anti-Parnellite leaders find their places in his volume, the Dillons, MacCarthys (*père*), O'Briens, T. P. O'Connors, and the rest, besides Mr. Parnell and "Mr." Michael Davitt; none are omitted, and the editor has many kindly sympathetic words for these ill-judged patriots. Mr. Parnell's morals receive very frank treatment in several articles, and we note that in another case which has been frequently compared with it, the Separatist sinner escapes without a word of reference to his peccadilloes.

We must hurry to a conclusion. We could fill a column with the names omitted from this book that have overwhelming claims for the distinction, if distinction it be, of finding a place in it. From the Houses of Lords and Commons we miss, with many others, the forms of Mr. Henry Chaplin, Colonel Sanderson, Lords Crawford, Carlisle, Cork, Lothian, Lathom, Carrington, Meath, St. Oswald, and Sir Thomas Sutherland. The dramatic and lyric stages find such public favourites forgotten as Mr. John Hare, Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. Corney Grain, Mr. Brookfield, Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Terriss, M. Mounet-Sully, Mr. Willard, Mr. T. Thorne, Mr. John Drew, Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Henry Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, the brothers De Reszke, M. Maurel, Mr. A. Cellier, Mr. Dan Godfrey, and Mr. August Manns. British art fares somewhat better; but we read not a word of Messrs. Luke Fildes, Henry Moore, David Murray, the two Wyllies, Waterlow, Norman Shaw, Peter Graham, J. Brett, Legros, nor of Sir A. Blomfield and Sir Henry Doulton. Sports and pastimes are scarcely represented at all. We have, indeed, the Duke of Beaufort, but we should gladly have welcomed the Duke of Portland, Mr. Matthew Dawson, Mr. George Lane Fox, Sir John Astley, Mr. W. W. Read, Major Marindin, Colonel Hutton, the Renshaws, the Duchess (Dowager) of Montrose, Mr. John Osborne, and Mr. Robert Peck. The scientific memoirs go into the minutest details, and are extremely wearisome; it is evident that every F.R.S. has been circularized—and not in vain. One illustrious savant is responsible for a "Description of the Mode of Extracting Salt from the damp Sandbeds of the River Jumna, as practised by the Inhabitants of Bundelkund." Another, an engineer, has produced "an invention now widely known as the differentiating waste-water meter, and applied (*sic*) to about six millions of persons." We miss, however, such famous names as those of General Lane-Fox-Pitt-Rivers, Professor T. McK. Hughes, and Sir Richard Quain. Etching is a lost art; we have neither M. Waltner nor M. Brunet-Desbaines, neither Mr. Haig nor Mr. Macbeth.

We have far from exhausted our extracts. Every count of

our indictment might have been emphasized and greatly strengthened. But space forbids. We have endeavoured to make the book speak for itself; by its words "uttered or unexpressed" it must be judged, and we can only add, in conclusion, that those who like that sort of thing will like this sort of thing very much.

PORTUGAL.*

UNLIKE most of the writers in this series, Mr. Stephens has given us a continuous history. In this he has done wisely; for few people, as he says, know enough of the history of Portugal to be able to derive much profit from a book dealing merely with certain episodes in it. While, however, he tells his story as a whole, he does not treat all parts of it as though they were of equal importance; he gives due prominence to critical points; and, though he has to notice a large number of facts, they are seldom allowed to overcrowd his pages. The history of Portugal presents many romantic and stirring incidents, and illustrates, as is noted here in several passages, not a few political maxims. For Englishmen it has a peculiar interest, for no other country has been so long and so closely allied with our own as Portugal. That the remembrance of this ancient alliance will, as Mr. Stephens hopes, be sufficient to prevent serious misunderstandings between the two countries is not to be expected. Sentiment is now not likely to be introduced into international politics, except as a means of recommending some step that has already been determined upon. At the same time, every reader of this volume will hear with special pleasure of any arrangement by which the claims of either country are satisfied without injury to the interests of the other. Mr. Stephens has shown good judgment in passing rapidly over the times during which the history of the land which became Portugal cannot be distinguished from that of the rest of the Peninsula. The Portuguese nation was founded by the grant of the County of Portugal, of which Oporto was the capital, to Henry of Burgundy by his father-in-law Alfonso IV. of Castile, to be held of the Crown of Galicia, one of Alfonso's kingdoms. Count Henry, his wife Theresa, and their son Afonso Henriquez—we follow Mr. Stephens in adopting the Portuguese forms of proper names—are "the three founders of Portugal." Henry, the typical crusading knight, fought with the Mahometans first on the Tagus and then in Palestine; Theresa, as regent, asserted the independence of her adopted country, and paved the way for its extension southwards; while Afonso achieved the independence of Portugal, obtaining it at last by a successful tournament, and routed the Moorish chivalry at Ourique, and on many another field. Under Afonso III. the County became a kingdom, which attained its European limits by the King's conquest of the Algarves. Fifty years before his time had been held the first meeting of the Portuguese Cortes, and Afonso, who lived in an age of great statesmen, caused the cities to send representatives to the Assembly, for he "understood, like Simon de Montfort and Edward I. in England, that it was only by an alliance with the people that he could check the power of feudalism and sacerdotalism." Mr. Stephens points out how the Portuguese monarchy became despotic under the later kings of the old line. The independence of the kingdom was endangered by the foolish ambition of Ferdinand and his queen Leonor, and the spirit of the people, who had borne tyranny patiently out of affection for the memory of their older kings, was at last roused by the "contemplated union of their crown with that of Castile." They found a leader in Dom John the Master of the Order of Aviz, afterwards styled the Great, Ferdinand's half-brother, who secured the throne for himself after his election and saved the kingdom by his victory over Castile at Aljubarota. In this famous battle five hundred English archers fought on John's side. It was by no means the first time that our countrymen had fought for Portugal. Mr. Stephens gives an adequate notice of the maritime crusade in which English seamen helped Afonso Henriquez to win Lisbon from the Moors, and this crusade was followed by other English expeditions of more or less the same character. During the reign of our Edward III. the connexion between the two nations was very close, "the wine of Portugal being freely exchanged for the 'long cloth of England.'" John of Gaunt's claim to the throne of Castile brought Dom John the help of the English archers, and after he became settled on the throne he made the "English alliance the key-note of his policy." It was maintained without a breach in spite of dynastic change here from 1386 until the death of King John the Great in 1433.

During the reign of John the Great a new era began in the history, not of Portugal only, but of Europe. The expeditions sent out by the King's son, Prince Henry the Navigator, in the hope of finding a sea route to India, led to many discoveries along the West coast of Africa, and though he did not attain his object, he made a long step towards it. He prepared the way for the voyages of Vasco da Gama and other famous Portuguese explorers, who gave the maritime nations of Europe the means of establishing direct communication with the East, and brought enormous wealth to their country by laying the foundation of its trade with Persia, India, China, Japan,

* *Story of the Nations—Portugal.* By H. Morse Stephens, Balliol College, Oxford, Author of "A History of the French Revolution." London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

and the Spice Islands. The discoveries of the Portuguese, the history of their settlements in India, and the colonization of Brazil form the subjects of some interesting chapters. Prince Henry and the early explorers sought only to enlarge the trade of Portugal, and though it soon became apparent that the merchants settled in India were strong enough to make conquests, they did not care to do more than occupy the best stations for trade on the coasts, and made no attempt to force their way into the interior, and establish an empire such as that which now pertains to the Crown of Great Britain. Their relations with the natives were mainly confined to their dealings with traders, and this, as Mr. Stephens points out, disproves many of the tales told of Portuguese oppression. The Portuguese in India were for the most part soldiers, sailors, or officials, servants of the Crown, who were sent out in order to gain wealth for the King, and who hoped to return to their own country after they had enriched themselves. In Brazil the Portuguese were colonists; they emigrated of their own will, and at their own expense, and made homes in their new country. They did not contribute to the wealth of the mother country, which lost much by the emigration of the most industrious portion of its population. No part of Mr. Stephens's narrative is better worked out than the causes and growth of the decline of Portugal. The germs of decay were planted in the midst of seeming prosperity, and even while the sovereign was the richest in Europe, it became evident that the greatness of the country was disappearing. Under the last kings of the House of Aviz, Portugal, "exhausted by its efforts to conquer Asia"—these words are, we think, ill chosen—"and colonize Brazil, and deprived of liberty of thought by the deadly influence of the Inquisition, was fast losing its vitality, and what Portuguese were left in Portugal were either enervated by luxury in the upper classes, and slaves to the Court, or in the lower beggars [dependent?] upon the charity of the King and the Church." Before this decline reached its climax in the loss of independence Portugal produced its greatest poets and prose writers. Of them and of their works, and specially of Camoens and his *Lusiads*, Mr. Stephens has much to say that is well worth reading. Under the house of Braganza the old alliance with England was again renewed, and in the eighteenth century Portugal became, to adopt the indignant words of French writers, a mere province of England. Both nations reaped substantial benefits from the Methuen Treaty, which, besides giving the Portuguese means of comfort and luxury far beyond those possessed by the Spaniards, secured them a powerful ally against Spain. The reforms introduced by the Marquis of Pombal are briefly, though, considering the size of this book, sufficiently, dealt with. Mr. Stephens wisely, as we think, devotes but few pages to the events of the Peninsular War; they could not be treated satisfactorily in the space at his disposal, and may easily be found elsewhere. Nor, though he carries his story down to the present time, does he dwell long on the wars and revolutions which have taken place in Portugal since the accession of John VI. What he says, however, on these matters is, as far as it goes, clear and well put together. This, indeed, is true of his work as a whole; for if his sentences are sometimes rather clumsily constructed, they are, at least, always intelligible and to the point, and his narrative is by no means deficient in life.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT has been known for some time that the rather inexplicable reluctance of the Montesquieu family to publish the great mass of MSS. which exists at La Brède had been at last overcome. A sort of *avant-courrier* of the promised anecdota appears in the shape of a very handsome brochure (1), giving, we may suppose, a specimen of the arrangement and mechanical features of the work proper, but containing two pieces which are not strictly or entirely unpublished. One is the *Réflexions sur la monarchie universelle en Europe*, which Montesquieu had printed pretty early, but which (being a cautious man) he afterwards called in, using certain passages in the *Esprit des lois*, but retaining only a single copy of the entire pamphlet, which copy got lost, and has only recently found its way back to La Brède. The other is the little essay *Sur la considération et la réputation*, which he allowed Mme. de Lambert to refashion and leave among her papers as her own. Neither is of the first interest in itself, but they make, at the worst, a capital specimen prospectus of the new matter, and are wanted to complete, or to form a link between, the old and the new Works.

The *Bibliothèque littéraire de la famille* (2) appears to be a new library of selections, planned rather more sumptuously than is usually the case with such things, in large octavo, handsomely printed and margined, and plentifully furnished with portraits which are well engraved, though they show through to the text a little. Saint-Simon is an excellent starting point for such a series, and M. Lhomme, prefixing and adding brief but sufficient introduction and notes, has done his work well.

We can here give but a preliminary notice and, as it were,

(1) *Deux opuscules de Montesquieu*. Publiés par le Baron de Montesquieu. Bordeaux: Gounouilhou. Paris: Rouan.

(2) *Bibliothèque littéraire de la famille*. Par M. F. Lhomme. Saint-Simon. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

welcome to M. Godefroy Cavaignac's (3) monumental book of the Formation of Prussia as it is. For monumental it will be, if it is carried out on the scale of the present volume, which employs five hundred very large and closely printed pages to give a sketch of the state of the kingdom before Jena, and a history of the two years of Stein's Ministry in 1806-8. M. Cavaignac writes clearly as well as learnedly, and provides, what French historians are most grudging of, ample footnotes of reference to his authorities.

The quaint and curious book which M. Maurice Barrès has written under the title of *Le jardin de Bérénice* (4) contains passages which an Englishman would not have written, and which, perhaps, a Frenchman would have been wiser in not writing; but they will probably escape a careless reader, and they affect the general merit of the book very little. It is of the kind respecting which the plain man bitterly, but no doubt truly, complains that he can make neither head nor tail of it; but it is none the worse for that. The author, under the name of Philippe, but identifying himself as Boulangist candidate, goes down to Arles to canvass, and meets with a girl—she is still quite a girl—whose past will not exactly bear investigation, but who has inherited a country house near Aigues Mortes from a dead lover, and is living in retirement. And the rest of the book tells, not of the acts of Philippe, for he does nothing, but of his thoughts and his sensations in the company of this odd little Bérénice (whom he rather unkindly makes a sort of pathometer), and of his musings in the district of the Crau, and of his advice to her to marry a very positive and practical engineer (whom he calls "the Adversary"), and of her wasting away and death. The whole is prefaced, interlarded, and ended with fantastic *boutades* at various men and things. It is half a satire on and half an exemplification of the introspective style of the day, and perhaps is a little too voluntarily eccentric. But it is better worth reading than many books, and may count, we should think, two classes of readers—a small one who will understand and enjoy it, and a much larger one who would only be too happy if they could understand and enjoy it, and will read it and talk of it to make believe that they do.

L'institutrice (5) exemplifies one of the tricks of novel-writing, that of beginning with the scenes immediately preceding the finale, then going back and occupying the body of the book with an immense parenthesis of earlier history, and, lastly, returning to the finale itself. We do not think that this is a good trick, though it is an old one. M. Chabot's wicked governess is also old and not good, but his real heroine and his real hero are pathetic, and his psychology is sound. "Les hommes," says his heroine, "ne connaîtront jamais les femmes. Je dis 'Je souffre' et on me répond 'Je vais travailler.' Eh! que m'importe le travail?" A sentiment which, indeed, it takes a man long to heed practically, though he cannot have much to do with the other sex without finding out its existence. *Député* (6) is a little like *Numa Roumestan*, but with large differences. The hero is a Southern politician; he marries, and then relapses into an old love; his wife at last reconquers his affection, which perhaps was not worth much even at the beginning, and the old love is planted there, or sent to walk, whichever metaphor be preferred. The Provençal sketches are fresh and good, the character-drawing of the principal personages somewhat less effective, but above the usual mark.

M. Huysmans (7), like all French novelists of a certain school, is tormented by the "farthest" of others, as geographers say. He seems to have heard the voice cry *antiquam exquirite matrem*, and to have interpreted, let us look up old wives' fables. And the old wives' fables (of course, as unsavoury ones as possible) which he has chosen to look up are those of demoniacal, black masses, &c. in general, of Gilles de Rais, the mediæval Jack-the-Ripper of children, in particular. Michelet and others helping, he has executed his purpose, writing with some skill—when M. Huysmans uses an intelligible lingo he generally does that—and rather artfully interspersing his version of the ghastly legends of Tiffauges and Champtocé with a modern story of the inquiries of a Parisian novelist (assisted, of course, by somebody else's wife) into the practices of contemporary devil-worshippers. These seem to have forgotten that their master is on high authority a gentleman, and that there is neither fun nor felicity in frantic and foolish filth.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE Railways and the Traders (John Murray) is, perhaps, less interesting to the general reader than Mr. W. M. Acworth's previous contributions to English railway literature. It deals with the railway rates question from the point of view of the railway Companies, in support of the existing system. The traders, singly or associated, have had their say. They have taken the public into their confidence when denouncing the extortionate charges of the Companies, their special rates, discriminations, or unfair preferential rates that "favour the foreigner," and similar

(3) *La formation de la Prusse contemporaine*. Par Godefroy Cavaignac. Paris: Hachette.

(4) *Le jardin de Bérénice*. Par Maurice Barrès. Paris: Perrin.

(5) *L'institutrice*. Par Adrien Chabot. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Député*. Par Féline de Comberousse. Paris: Perrin.

(7) *La-bas*. Par J. K. Huysmans. Paris: Trese et Stock.

real or imaginary oppressions on the unhappy trader or producer. The public are probably very little interested in these matters. What does concern them is efficient service or reduced passengers' rates. When people find that reduction of rates for the carriage of perishable articles of food, such as fish or fruit, is unattended by reduction of prices to the consumer, it is unlikely that they can be deeply moved by the question of railway rates. But Mr. Acworth thinks that the traders have sufficiently engaged the public ear, and it is time that the silent and long-suffering railway Companies should be heard. His statement of their position with regard to the trading community is in several respects extremely able, and undoubtedly exposes certain popular fallacies as to the supposed arbitrary charges of railway Companies. He shows that certain "extortionate" cases, cited by the aggrieved trader, by no means convict the Companies of excessive charges, and that the contrary view should have obtained is, he argues, due to ignorance or misconception of the facts. In short, he has, in several directions, weakened the case of the traders. Mr. Acworth admits that English rates are high compared with foreign rates; but he properly lays stress on the superior facilities offered by English railways, and the fact, often ignored, that the English rate, unlike the Continental or American, includes collection and delivery of goods. Altogether, his investigations and criticisms throw much light on the extremely complicated question of railway rates with regard to the public service, railway management, and legislative enactments.

Dr. Daniel Brinton's lectures on ethnography—*Races and Peoples* (New York: Hodges)—are truly comprehensive in scope. In a single small volume the author has endeavoured to compress the results of the latest and most trustworthy researches in the science. The first portion of his book deals with physical elements, such as typical examples of skulls, colour, height, skin, hair, and so forth; the remaining chapters are devoted to the exposition of origin, descent, racial development and distribution. Allowing for the difficulties such a scheme as Dr. Brinton's presents, his review of the ethnographic field is certainly executed with considerable skill. It was inevitable, with space so restricted, that some important and highly controversial subjects should be scantily treated. Dr. Brinton believes in the origin of the Aryan stock in Western Europe, discarding altogether what he calls the Asian hypothesis. Holding this view, it of course follows that he believes in an Aryan migration eastward through that portion of a then partially united Europe and Africa which, by a convenient geological term, is called Eurafica. The white race is an African race, the writer insists; and one-third of Africa was always principally peopled by whites. But if a portion of Northern Africa was, as geologists declare, once united to Europe, and still is, as botanists affirm, as much European as African, it were as reasonable to argue that the white race is European.

The life of an inventor is seldom so successful as is the story told in Mr. R. W. Burnie's *Memoir and Letters of Sidney Gilchrist Thomas* (John Murray). More often has it chanced to the ingenious inventor, after spending all his substance in experiments and patents, to be compelled to part with his patent rights for some beggarly sum in hard cash to the manufacturer, who reaps a fine harvest. Inventors, however, are seldom shrewd men of business as Gilchrist Thomas appears to have been. The story of his career as an inventor is certainly as remarkable as any in the record of inventions. He was a clerk in a police-court at twenty years of age, when his attention was first directed to the problem he afterwards solved—namely, the dephosphorization of iron in the manufacture of steel by the Bessemer process. It was at the Birkbeck Institute that he heard Mr. Chaloner, the lecturer on chemistry, declare that "the man who eliminated phosphorus by means of the Bessemer converter would make his fortune." Thomas set to work in his leisure moments, and advanced by many stages towards perfecting his basic lining for the converter. He attained his end in something under ten years, and made his fortune. Mr. Burnie's book gives a vivid and interesting account of the young inventor's work. But on one subject the biographer might have been more explicit. Many readers would like to know in what manner the fortune realized by the basic process was bestowed "for the benefit of the toilers." Some particulars of what Thomas calls his "plans for 'colonization, workers' dwellings, and what not,' might surely have been added to Mr. Burnie's vague references to the subject.

Mrs. E. F. Chapman's *Sketches of some Distinguished Indian Women* (Allen & Co.) comprises biographical chapters on the lives of six natives of India, who by their example or teaching have sought to advance the welfare of Indian women. There are two Marathi ladies, two Bengali ladies, and one Parsi lady commemorated in this little book. Two of these ladies had already found biographers—namely, the gifted poetess, Toru Dutt, and Mrs. Anandibai Joshee, who studied medicine and took a degree at Philadelphia. In the story of the life of the last-named courageous lady there is perhaps more that arouses melancholy reflection than positive encouragement. But the book merits the commendations of Lady Dufferin, and "will be read with interest by every one who takes it up."

Ivory, Apes, and Peacocks (Stanford) is "an African contemplation," written by the Rev. Horace Waller, the friend and editor of Livingstone, who, in somewhat metaphorical style, expresses his natural dissatisfaction with the professed philanthropic aims of recent African explorers, and his intense discontent concerning the results of our anti-slavery policy.

Two annotated editions of Scott's *Lady of the Lake* are before

us; one by Professor Minto, in the "Clarendon Press" series, the other by Mr. G. H. Stuart, in Messrs. Macmillan's series of "English Classics." While there are good points to be observed of both books, Mr. Minto's is superior in all that pertains to literary method. Mr. Stuart gives some of Scott's notes; Mr. Minto gives all. Mr. Stuart deals with points of grammar, or syntax, or etymology, as if he were providing an edition for the growing boy. Such things may be necessary; but we cannot profess to admire the editing of great poems thus. Each book has its useful little map of the Lake District.

Nothing in the way of cheap reprints has so gladdened the spirit within us as to find included in a volume entitled *Vathek and European Travel* (Ward, Lock, & Co.)—a recent addition to the "Minerva Library"—Beckford's enchanting narrative of a kind of magical progress through some fairyland of romance to Alcobaca and Batalha. Mr. Bettany, we observe, refers to this exquisite recital as Beckford's "remarkable account of the monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha," by which it seems he has done no better than tread firm earth in the reading of it. But are these monasteries, these starry nights, these odorous gardens, of the earth? And are they denizens of the earth, this adorable and Rabelaisian Abbot, this egregious poet, this apparitional relative of the unhappy Duke of Aveiro, this fantastic doctor, and any other of the affable ghosts of Beckford's ethereal chronicle? Surely, it is inspired by honey-dew and the milk of paradise.

From the banquets of Alcobaca and the dramatic entertainments of Batalha we turn to the book of the vegetarian cook—Mr. Charles Forward's *Practical Vegetarian Recipes* (Virtue & Co.)—and revive Barmecidean recollections of the Society, the Health Exhibition, and Dr. Richardson. It were well if the Grand Prior of Aviz could have exchanged Beckford's French cook for this little guide to plain living. He might, by the cunning concoction of one gourd, some sugar and lemon juice, have fed on "Angel's Hair," or snatched a fearful joy from "Turnip Hash."

Aytoun's *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, and other Poems* (Routledge & Sons), the first instalment of Mr. Henry Morley's "Companion Poets," is a pretty re-issue in pocket form, printed in clear small type on paper that is somewhat too flimsy. Book-paper should never show the reverse of the impression, as this does. The shape of the book is oblong, like that of the "Mignon Shakespeare," oddly described as the "New Narrow Shakespeare," set in new minion type, with the thin red border line on each page.

Designed for the average middle-class school is the new cheap series of "English Classics for Schools," edited by the Rev. M. G. Glazebrook, published by Messrs. Percival & Co., of which *English Ballads*, selected by Mr. H. L. Withers, and *English Ballads*, Part II., selected by Mr. W. J. Morice, are specimens of the First Grade. These little books are undoubtedly far better for schools than the ill-assorted miscellanies of poetry too frequently used. The ballads are all of the first order, and the notes and glossaries supply the necessary elucidation.

The poetic literature of chess is not so rich but that many players may welcome a new edition of Mr. Charles Tomlinson's *Chess, and other Poems* (Reveirs), to which are added the author's interesting reminiscences of "Simpson's" and the chief players at the Divan some fifty years since.

Mr. James Mortimer's *Chess Player's Pocket Book* (Sampson Low & Co.), a well-known handy book of analyses and manual of openings, has just reached a seventh edition.

We have also received a new and revised edition of the *Handbook of English Political History*, by Messrs. A. H. Dyke Acland and Cyril Ransome (Longmans & Co.); an enlarged edition of *Cabin and Plantation Songs*, as sung by the Hampton students, the music arranged by Thomas P. Fenner and F. G. Rathbun (Putnam's Sons); *The Journal of the Derbyshire Archaeological Society for 1891* (Bemrose & Sons), with contributions by Sir George Sitwell, the Rev. Dr. J. C. Cox, Messrs. Arnold-Bemrose, George Fletcher, John Ward, and others; *Social Evolution*, by Philip Delbert, edited by Frederick Wingfield (Eden, Remington, & Co.); *Fancies on Facts*, by the Rev. R. H. Falkner (Eden, Remington, & Co.); *The Romance of a Lawn Tennis Tournament*, by Lady Dunboyne (Trischler & Co.); *Souvenir of Ivanhoe*, by Lewis Hind (Virtue & Co.); and *The Story of a Monkey*, by E. Grandage (Digby & Long).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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HANDEL FESTIVAL.—CRYSTAL PALACE, June 1891. All TICKETS now on SALE at the Crystal Palace Ticket Office from 10 till 6; and at Novello, Ewer, & Co., Berners Street, Oxford Street, and 50 and 51 Queen Street, Chancery Lane, E.C. Prices for Numbered Stalls; the same stall for three days (June 22, 23, and 24), £3 2s., £3 1s. 6d., and £3 3s.; single Stall for one day, 15s., 12s., and 10s.; for Rehearsal day (June 19), 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. Prospectus post free on application.

HANDEL FESTIVAL.—CRYSTAL PALACE.—Madame Albani, Miss Macintyre, and Madame Nordica, Miss Marion McKenzie, Madame Emily Squire, and Madame Belle Cole; Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Barton McGuckin, Mr. Santley, Mr. Bridson and Mr. Brereton. Solo Organ, Mr. W. T. Best. Organist, Mr. A. J. Eyre. Chorus and Orchestra, 4,000 performers. Conductor, Mr. August Manns.

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EXHIBITION OF FURNITURE.

MAPLE & CO. have now on show a magnificent collection of high-class DINING-ROOM FURNITURE in polished oak, brown oak, and American walnut, as well as in the rich old Chippendale mahogany so much prized, while there are also a number of specimen dining rooms, fully appointed and furnished, as examples of the different styles.

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30	18	10	10
35	21	4	2
40	24	17	6
45	28	19	2
50	34	19	2

Prospectuses, Forms of Proposal, &c., may be obtained on application to the Office, 2 and 3 The Sanctuary, Westminster, S.W.

MATTHEW HODGSON, Secretary.
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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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CONTENTS OF No. 1,853, MAY 2, 1891:

Chronicle.

Manipur. Soap for Stiggins.
Field-Marshal Count von Moltke. The Unholy Poker.
Chili. The Budget. The Newfoundland Bill.
In-and-Out Running. Public Business. New Grub Street.
The Land Purchase Bill.

Dessin's Hotel, Calais.

The Chess Masters. Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrow.

Cleveland Bays. The Opera. Money Matters.

The Explosion in Rome. The Hovering Volunteer:
Before the Footlights. The Weather.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY of ARTS.—The EXHIBITION will
OPEN on Monday, May 4. Admission (from 8 A.M. to 7 P.M., except on the first day,
when it opens at 10 A.M.) 1s. Catalogues, 1s. and 1s. 6d. Season Tickets, 5s.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120 Pall Mall.—The THIRTY-
EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES by ARTISTS of the CON-
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COLOUR DRAWINGS by Mr. F. G. COTMAN, ON VIEW at ROBERT
DUNTHORNE'S GALLERY, 5 Vigo Street, W. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

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& CO., 116 and 117 New Bond Street. Admission, 1s., from 3 till 6.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION,
for the Relief of Distressed Artists, their Widows and Orphans.

The ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place at the Whitehall Rooms, the Hotel
Metropole, on Saturday, May 9, at Half-past Six o'clock.

The Right Hon. Sir CHARLES BOWEN, Lord Justice of Appeal, in the Chair.

Dinner Tickets, including Wines, One Guinea.

Donations will be received and thankfully acknowledged by

Sir JOHN EVERETT MILLAR, Bart., R.A., Hon. Secretary.

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8, MARY'S STONE, NEAR DARTFORD.

The ANNUAL FESTIVAL of this Home will be held (D.V.) at S. Mary's, on Monday
May 11.

There will be a Celebration of Holy Communion in the Chapel of the Home at 7 A.M., and
Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock, with a Sermon by the Rev. Canon PUCKLE, R.D., Vicar of
S. Mary's, Dover.

A plain Luncheon will be provided, free of charge, at the Home after the conclusion of the
Service; to be followed by the Annual Meeting of Subscribers and Friends, at 2 P.M.

FREDERICK W. MURRAY, Warden.

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Further particulars from the HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY, The College, Clifton, Bristol.

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NEXT SESSION begins TUESDAY, May 13.

RADLEY COLLEGE.—JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS.

There will be an ELECTION to FOUR SCHOLARSHIPS (two of £50, one of £30,
and one of £20) on Friday, July 17, 1891. Open to boys under the age of Fourteen on
January 1, 1891.—For further information apply to the Rev. the Warden, Radley College,
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CHELTEMHAM COLLEGE.—The ANNUAL EXAMI-
NATION for SCHOLARSHIPS will be held on May 26, 27, 28. ELEVEN
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Chief subjects, Classics and Mathematics. Candidates must be under fifteen.—For further
details apply to the SECRETARY, The College, Cheltenham.

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BRIGHTON COLLEGE, SCHOLARSHIPS.—One of £75;
seven of £50; three of £25 per annum. Examination on July 14th and 15th.—For par-
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LEAMINGTON COLLEGE.—THREE "COUNCIL"
SCHOLARSHIPS (£31 each) and TWO "HOUSE" SCHOLARSHIPS (£31 10s. each)
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Apply, HEAD-MASTER, Sherborne, Dorset.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION to fill

up Vacancies on the Foundation and Exhibitions will begin on July 7.—For par-
ticulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER, Dean's Yard, Westminster.

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III. COLONIAL SECTION. MARINE AND ELECTRICAL SECTIONS.

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Proposals must be sealed up, endorsed on the outside, "Tender for Ground, Stoney Lane,"
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MARCH, 1891.

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